

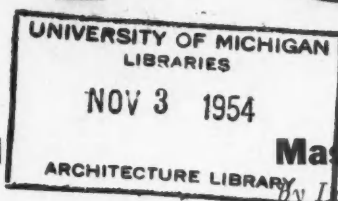
ARTS

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November 1, 1954

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ARTS DIGEST

November 1, 1954, Vol. 29, No. 3

Twenty issues a year

Publisher: JONATHAN MARSHALL

Managing Editor:
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Circulation: ELSA G. SCHMAUS

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COVER: *Portrait of Mme. Hebuterne* by Modigliani, currently on view at Fine Arts Associates. The painting, dated 1917, is 48½ x 29¼, and like the majority of other paintings in this exhibition, is shown in America for the first time.

FORTHCOMING ISSUES: A special Print & Book Number (November 15) . . . a feature on E. E. Cummings as painter and poet, including articles by William Carlos Williams and Cummings himself . . . an essay-review on Egyptian art by Leo Steinberg . . . a feature on the Dutch Masters exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum . . .

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ARTS DIGEST, copyrighted 1954 by The Art Digest, Inc., all rights reserved. Published semi-monthly October through May and monthly June through September at 116 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y., U. S. A.

Registered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., August 27, 1954, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Full subscription of 20 issues, \$5.00 a year in U. S. A. and Pan American Union; Canada and Foreign, \$5.80.

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The Spectrum by Jonathan Marshall

The Jury System

Recently we served on a jury for a national art exhibition and were amazed that some of the stories we've heard actually came true. Most jurying is interesting, time consuming, hard work and fun. This time it was more than that.

Starting in the morning we looked at pictures and sculpture for more than seven hours. It is not easy to weigh the merits of a work seen at 11 a. m. and one seen at 5 p. m., and unfortunately mistakes are inevitable. We received several complaints afterwards from rejected artists, some of whom asked whether it wasn't possible to submit another work and to have the jury reassembled to judge it.

Before the jury met, the woman in charge and a member of her committee, both of whom were ex-officio voting members of the jury, showed the other jurors their entries. Except when an individual juror recognized a work being shown, none of the artists' names were known. This pressure started us off with a sour taste.

One juror left when the work was only half completed. We realize that most people cannot spend a whole day jurying without being paid, and it would have been better if some work had already been eliminated. It would have saved much time.

On several occasions the lady in charge said, "Oh, we can't eliminate him, it would be very embarrassing," or "He's too important an artist." This type of pressure is bad; a jury should have a free choice, and artists should submit their best work.

Apparently some artists assume that their entries will be selected on the basis of the artist's name rather than on the merit of the specific entry. If memory serves correctly, in at least two cases a rejected work was later included in the exhibition.

The reason given was that the artist is important. We heard that the juror who left early was asked to come back and look at several entries that she had not seen. Regardless of the earlier rejection of the other jurors, these additions were made to the show. We also learned later that several entries had not even been seen by the full jury. Whether they arrived late or just had not been shown is uncertain, but in each case neither the artists nor the jury were fairly treated. The reluctance of many artists to submit to juried shows is understandable.

These are just a few things that happened. Other art juries have reported unfortunate experiences. We can only conclude that those in charge

of juried exhibitions should adhere to rigid standards.

Art jurying is a thankless, but essential job and most jurors give their time gladly. They should not be asked to do an unreasonable task. No attempt should be made to influence unfairly final decisions. Decisions should not be reversed except with the concurrence of the full jury which must stand behind the selections. It is vital that sponsoring officials should not enter their own work.

The whole jury system deserves study and revision. It is not important which exhibition we juried; what is important is that jurors are not always given a free hand and their decisions are not always respected. Unfortunately when this happens, both artists and jurors suffer. We strongly urge Artists Equity and The American Federation of Arts to study the jury question more fully and to issue a strong report providing rigid standards for juries.

Muddled Mudslingers

Attacks on UNESCO were resumed last summer in Los Angeles by a small but vocal group of self-styled superpatriots. They claim that UNESCO is communist inspired and dominated. This, of course, is a ridiculous accusation in view of the fact that the U. S. was the strongest advocate of forming the international group. Russia aloofly refused to join for many years and kept its satellites out.

Certain groups remain blindly isolationist. They refuse to realize that organizations like UNESCO help spread democracy throughout the world.

We suggest formation of two new organizations: The Honorable Society of Groups Labeled Without Basis of Fact and The Underdog National Escapist Scapegoatseekers and Clandestine Opportunists.

In the dim past of history a man was innocent until proven guilty. That was in the Dark Ages before 1951 and was probably inspired by some subversive who signed the Declaration of Independence.

Alas, Poor Diego

We note that after several attempts Diego Rivera has been readmitted into the Communist Party in Mexico. Poor Diego didn't eat doves of peace, but rather crow. He pledged his art and reputation to Communism.

If he is serious about his pledge, we fear Rivera's creative capacity will be atrophied. Alas poor Diego, we respected him well once.

Rothko's Wall of Light

by Hubert Crehan

A Show of his New Work at Chicago

Mark Rothko, one of the original "17 Irrascibles"—those artists who posed together for a Life magazine picture on the occasion of their joint refusal in 1951 to have any part in the last big show of contemporary art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—has carried his personal irascibility to such extremes in recent times that his relations with the art world seemed almost to be proceeding toward total rejection and divorce. He has refused to show his paintings; he has been known to reject the offers of museums and individuals to buy his paintings; he has threatened to sue if anyone wrote about his paintings.

But it seems that all this nay-saying has ended. He has said yes to the Art Institute of Chicago where there is now an exhibition of his paintings from the past four years. It will be shown through December in the Gallery of Interpretation. And after the first of the year he will be having another showing of his paintings at the Rhode Island School of Design Museum in Providence.

It is always arresting news to hear that an old prophet has come down off the mountain, and in this instance, realizing Rothko's singular achievement on the American art scene, it is doubly welcome news since it sets up expectations that he may have come down with a new light in his eye which we will see reflected in his new work. But what he has already done has been so little discussed, this is a good moment to say something about it.

Wherein lies the achievement of Rothko's paintings—those large, open, apparently static canvases, with two or three rectilinear forms? What is this unique vision?

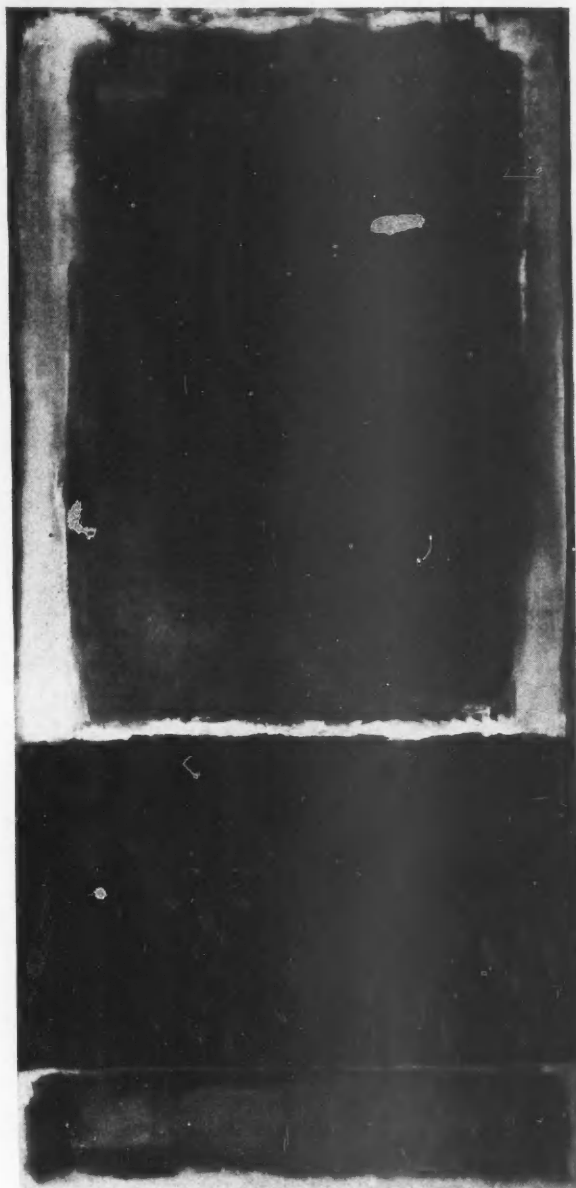
Those who respond to it see it as an emergence of a symbolic form of the modern spirit, one with a semblance of dignity and coherency — a symbol containing both flashes of affirmation and bolts of doubt, which are related to the dislocations of recent history and the problematical omens of the future.

Rothko's achievement has the authenticity of a new idea; it is not merely local or national, and sooner or later the international public will reckon with his paintings.

Usually his large paintings are from five to ten feet in one direction and eight to 20 in another. Whatever the dimensions, the painting will appear to be larger than it is, for the arrangements of his forms give one the illusion of a continuous expansion into a created space that seems no longer earthbound but galactic in its vistas. One is not drawn into the picture, in the old sense, rather the painting seems to envelop the beholder.

Rothko's tumid forms are massed in opposed hot and cold colors, the yellows turning toward golden, the reds toward rose, and they are sensuous or shrill, shimmering or vibrant. The three or four squarish or oblong forms in his paintings are placed within the picture plane so that they do not meet each other flush but more or less merge in a seeming-white area that separates them. In these in-between passages the color of the major forms filters out so that the appearance of a line is banished. And usually, though not always, the forms in the picture do not extend to the edge of the surface; they are diffused in an outside margin where another obliteration of the linear sensation takes place.

This rational attempt to destroy the line is undoubtedly based on Rothko's intuition of the essential oneness of things — a kind of visual metaphor of the unity and integrity of



Mark Rothko: *No title*

life, consciousness and the universe. The amorphous white-like areas which surround the forms and the margin in which they are sustained are perhaps symbolic of the quasi-frontiers between the conscious and the unconscious, the organic and the inorganic, life and death.

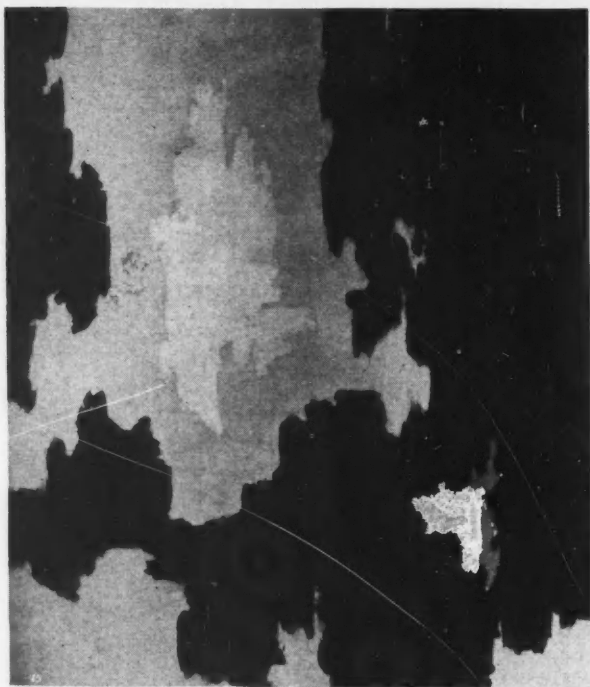
When the eye has played over these forms, they coalesce and there is a grand movement set up, such as we imagine the movements of worlds and galaxies to be.

Critics have written of the sumptuousness of Rothko's color, the close, rich harmonies of his reds and oranges, the shock of the large fields of violet that he surrounds with unexpected brilliant greens.

However, Rothko's sensitivity and boldness as a colorist is not his achievement. Nor is it the inexorable discipline with which he has eliminated from his surfaces all the established artistic flourishes that would becloud his vision.

We must fix our attention elsewhere. I have heard one painter speak of "Rothko's roomful of light." Another, enchanted by the glow of his colors, has said, "You can warm your hands in front of them." Another sees a Rothko painting as a veil, as though concealing some mysterious sacrosanct object which gives off a soft incandescence. An-

continued on page 19



Clyfford Still: *Fields of Red, Yellow and Blue*. Janis Gallery

Abstract and Representational

by Clement Greenberg

It is widely assumed that in the fine arts the representational as such is superior to the non-representational as such: that, all other things being equal (which they never are), a work of painting or sculpture that exhibits a recognizable image is always to be preferred to one that does not. Our present abstract art is considered therefore a symptom of the cultural—and even moral—decay of our time. Every third essay on contemporary painting and sculpture looks forward, in one way or another, to a "return to nature," which is assumed to be the same thing as a return to health and normality. Even some of the apologists of abstract art, when they defend it by saying that an age of disintegration must produce an art of disintegration if it is to express itself faithfully, implicitly concede that the abstract as such is inferior. Other apologists, those who claim—rightly and wrongly—that abstract art is never as non-representational as we think, appear often to make the same concession. (See, for example, Leo Steinberg's "The Eye is a Part of the Mind," in *Partisan Review*, March-April 1953.)

The embattled defenders of abstract art reverse the argument by claiming for the non-representational that absolute virtue and inherent superiority which the majority see in the representational. Perhaps because they are so few and the opposition so many, they tend to be fanatical; but this doesn't make them any wronger than the other side—or any righter. Both sides are wrong for the same reason.

What counts first and last in art is whether it is good or bad. Everything else is secondary. No one has yet been able to show that the representational as such either adds or takes away anything from the aesthetic value of a picture or statue. That a work is or is not representational no more determines its value as art than the presence or absence of a libretto does in the case of a musical score. No single

element or aspect of a work of art autonomously determines its value as a whole. How much any part is worth aesthetically is decided solely by its relation to every other part or aspect of the given work. This holds as true in painting and sculpture for the element of representation, absent or present, as for that of color or physical substance.

It is granted that a recognizable image will add anecdotal, historical, psychological, or topographical meaning. But to fuse this into aesthetic meaning is something else; that a painting gives us things to recognize and identify in addition to a complex of colors and shapes to feel does not mean invariably that it gives us more as art. More and less in art do not depend on how many different categories of significance we apprehend, but on how intensely and largely we feel the *art*—and what that consists in we are never able to define with real precision. That the "Divine Comedy" has an allegorical and anagogical meaning as well as a literal one does not make it necessarily a more effective work of literature than the "Iliad," in which we fail to discern more than a literal meaning. Similarly, the explicit comment on an historical event offered by Picasso's *Guernica* does not make it necessarily a better work than an utterly "non-objective" painting by Mondrian that says nothing explicitly about anything. We can never tell, before the fact, whether representational meaning—or any other given factor—will increase and intensify aesthetic meaning, or whether it will weaken and diminish it. Until it is actually experienced, a work of art remains a law unto itself.

That those who condemn abstract art generally do so in advance of experience is shown by the completeness with which they condemn. To hold that one kind of art is invariably superior or inferior to another kind is to judge before experiencing. The whole history of art is there to demonstrate the futility of rules of preference laid down beforehand—the impossibility of anticipating the outcome of aesthetic experience. The critic doubting whether abstract art could ever transcend decoration—as Daniel Kahnweiler does—is on ground as unsure as the Hellenistic connoisseur would have been who doubted whether the mosaic medium could ever be capable of more than merely decorative derivations of encaustic panel painting. Or as Joshua Reynolds was in rejecting the likelihood of the pure landscape's ever occasioning works as noble as those of Raphael. As long as art, and the judging of it, have not been reduced to a science anything and everything remain possible in it.

It has never been more essential than today to keep in mind the precariousness of all assumptions about what art can and cannot do. If the practice of ambitious painting and sculpture continues in our time it is by flouting almost every inherited notion of what is and is not art. If certain works by Picasso as well as Mondrian are worthy of being considered *pictures*, and certain works by Brancusi and Gonzalez as well as Pevsner, *sculpture*, then it is despite all preconceptions and assumptions, and only because actual experience has told us so. And I don't think we have more reason to doubt, by and large, what it tells us than what it told his contemporaries about Titian.

II

At this point, however, I feel free to turn around and say things perilously like those which I have just finished denying any one the right to say. But I will say what I say only about the abstract art I already know, not about abstract art in principle. I will base myself on experience.

Free-standing pictorial art, as distinct from decoration, has been immemorially identified with the representational, and so has sculpture. Now it can be properly asked

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whether, in view of what both arts have achieved in the past, they do not risk a certain impoverishment in renouncing image and object. I ask this carefully, and only in view of the record, not because I feel that such renunciation *must* be impoverishing. The non-representational cannot be shown to be necessarily weaker than the representational, but isn't it too little provided for by the inherited, habitual, almost automatic expectations with which we approach a thing society agrees to call a picture or a statue? May not an abstract painting, even when it is very good, still leave us somewhat dissatisfied in a way that an equally good representational painting wouldn't? At this moment in the history of art I would answer yes.

Yet my experience—which includes Velasquez and Corot as well as Mondrian and Pollock—tells me nonetheless that the best art of our day tends, increasingly, to be abstract. And most attempts to reverse this tendency seem to result in second-hand, second-rate painting or (as far as the latest generation of sculptors is concerned) *pastiche*, pseudo-archaic sculpture. In fact, it seems as though, today, the image and object can be put back into art only by *pastiche* or parody—as though anything the artist attempts in the way of such a restoration results inevitably in the second-hand. Not that most of contemporary abstract painting and sculpture is first-rate—far from it, most of it being just as bad as representational art and, more often than not, worse. But this still does not prevent the very best of it from being the most genuinely ambitious and very best of recent art.

If the abstract, then, tends to impoverish art as regards the kind of satisfaction we have traditionally looked to it for, it is apparently a necessary impoverishment—necessary to the excellences of contemporary art. Without it, it would seem, painting and sculpture fail to realize the values that our time is capable of creating in their sphere.

Why this sacrifice—if sacrifice it is—has been enjoined upon the best art of our day, I cannot try to say here. I think that the reasons are discernible, but it would require a book to deal with them. At this juncture I am more interested in stating and questioning the sense itself of deprivation and sacrifice.

Now it may be that the source of the dissatisfaction, large or small, which we feel with the very best of the abstract art we know, when we compare it with the best of the past, lies not in the absence as such of the representational, but in the rather simple fact that our time is unable to match the past no matter how it paints and sculpts, with or without the image and object. It may be that art in general is in decline (for reasons to be found both inside and outside itself). If so, the dogmatic opponents of abstract art would be right then in viewing the abstract as a symptom of decadence. But even so, they would be right on empirical, not principled, grounds—not because the abstract is invariably a sign of decline, but just because it happens to be at this moment in the evolution of art—and thus they would be right only for this moment.

On the other hand, it may be that, having only immediate experience to go by, we cannot yet see sufficiently around the art of our day to recognize that the abandonment of the representational has little to do, strictly, with the dissatisfaction we feel with contemporary abstract art. This dissatisfaction may be due mainly to our tardiness in getting used to a new language of painting.

III

From Giotto to Courbet, the painter's first task had been to hollow out an illusion of three-dimensional space. This illusion was conceived of more or less as a stage animated by visual incident, and the surface of the picture as the window through which one looked at the stage. But Manet

began to pull the backdrop of this stage forward, and those who came after him—the Impressionists, the Neo- and Post-Impressionists, the Fauves, the Cubists, etc., etc.—kept on pulling it forward, until today it has come smack up against the window, or surface, blocking it up and hiding the stage. All the painter has left to work with now is, so to speak, a more or less opaque window pane. And no matter how richly he leads and inscribes this pane, even if he traces the outlines of recognizable objects on it, we are left disconsolate because this does not compensate for the loss, to our traditionally, historically determined eyes, of the old play of incident in an illusion of depth. What saddens our eyes is not so much the absence or mutilation of the image, but the deprivation it has suffered of those spatial rights it used to enjoy back when the painter was obliged to create an illusion of the same kind of space as that in which our bodies move. It is this illusion and its space that we may miss even more than the things, as such, that filled it.

The picture has now become an object of literally the same spatial order as our bodies, and no longer the vehicle of an imagined equivalent of that order. It has lost its "inside" and become almost all "outside," all plane surface. The spectator can no longer escape into it from the space in which he himself stands; on the contrary, the abstract or quasi-abstract picture returns him to that space in all its brute literalness, and if it deceives his eyes at all, it is by optical rather than pictorial means, by relations of color, shape, and line largely divorced from descriptive connotations, and by "situations" in which foreground and background, up and down, are interchangeable. Not only does the abstract picture seem to offer a narrower, more physical, and less imaginative kind of experience than the representational picture, but the language itself of painting appears, as it were, to do without nouns and transitive verbs, so that often we cannot distinguish centers of interest within the abstract picture's field and have to take the whole of it as one single, continuous center of interest, which in turn

Piero della Francesca: *The Victory of Heraclius over the Persian King Chosroes* (detail)



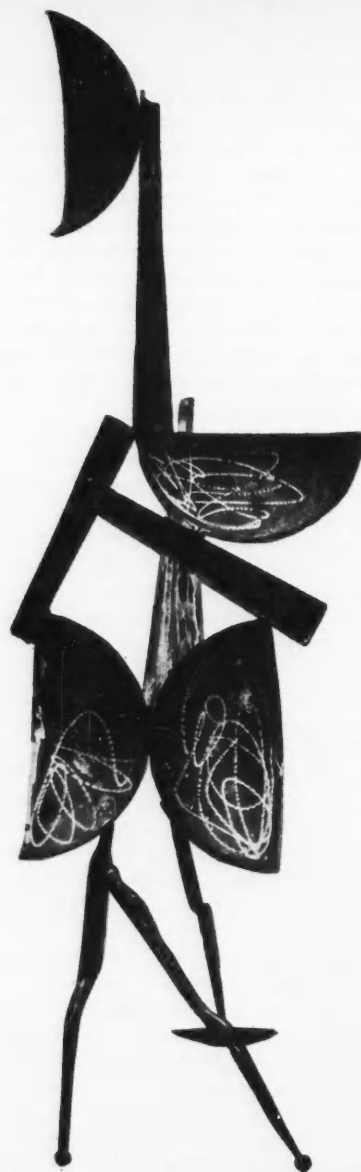
compels us to feel and judge it in terms of its over-all unity to the exclusion of everything else. The representational picture does not, seemingly, force us to squeeze our reaction within such a narrow compass—otherwise how could we like the Flemish primitives as much as we do?

It is the language, then, the space, of abstract painting that causes most of the dissatisfaction we feel with it—not the absence *per se* of recognizable images. And if, as I believe, abstract sculpture meets less resistance than abstract painting does, it is because it has not had to change its language as radically. Whether abstract or representational, that language remains three-dimensional and literal. The construction, with its transparent, linear forms and its denial of mass and weight, may jar eyes accustomed to the monolith, but it does not require them to be re-focused in the way that the abstract painting does.

But in painting, shall we always regret the other kind, the transfigured kind of space the old masters created for us? Perhaps not. It is possible that the connoisseurs of some future age may—all other things being equal—prefer the more literal space of abstract painting to the fictive kind. They may indeed find the old masters wanting in physical presence, in corporeality, preferring instead the physical emphasis of the more or less flat, more or less opaque plane surface that is declared as such. There have been such reversals of taste before (only in this case, I hope, it will be an expansion rather than a reversal, and leave the old masters even safer in their eminence). These hypothetical connoisseurs may be more sensitive than we to the condensed, very concrete and literal play of color and shape; they may even find this richer in "human interest" than representational painting. And who knows but that they may not point to our age as one that produced a great school of art (especially in this country), yet was unable to supply it with an adequate audience. Just as we tend to think that the contemporaries of, say, Velasquez were not as adequate to him in the way of appreciation as we ourselves are.

Moreover, these connoisseurs of the future may interpret representational as well as abstract painting in terms quite different from ours. They may see the creation of an illusion of depth and volume as valuable primarily because it enabled the painter to organize such infinite subtleties of dark and light, of translucence and transparency, into instantaneous unity—into a decorative unity whose intricacies could not have been controlled without the guiding notion of real three-dimensional objects familiar through practical experience. They may say that it was worth imitating nature because nature offered a wealth of colors and shapes that the painter, alone with his art, could never have invented. They will continue—I hope once again—to praise the old masters, but they may make explicit in their praise qualities we ourselves are still unable to discriminate consciously. And, finally, they may find much more common ground between the old masters and contemporary abstract art than most of us are able to.

This last I hope for almost more than anything else. For I do not feel that abstract painting, despite all the changes it has made in the language of painting, is so different from traditional, representational painting as to constitute a real historical break with it. I myself don't need a different set of eyes for Mondrian than for Piero della Francesca. True, in going from one to the other I have to re-focus my eyes, but this is not such a difficult operation and it does not require such a shift of sensibility as, say, the one I have to make in going from European to Far Eastern painting. I find, down at bottom, that Mondrian and Piero and Rembrandt have more in common between them than any one of them has with a master of the old Chinese school. No



David Smith: *Tank Totem IV*. Willard Gallery

matter what direction abstract art goes in, we shall always be able to trace it back without break to a point of departure within traditional Western art. This, I believe, non-Westerners see better than we do.

It is true that abstract painting, as it evolves (especially in this country), increasingly violates the traditional notion of the general conditions a flat surface must meet in order to claim attention as a picture. Abstract painting may, indeed, be heading towards a new format or category of pictorial art that will have no more intimate a connection with easel painting than the altar piece of the early Renaissance had with the Byzantine mosaic mural or Gothic stained window. But just as the altar piece did, after all, evolve out of the mural, the window, and manuscript illumination, so abstract painting has evolved out of the illustrative, representational painting of Renaissance tradition, and the filiation will remain visible to those who look hard enough.

And it may be that when these things are better understood, and when the new format is realized and made stable—it may be that abstract painting will be no longer subjected then to the misguided, irrelevant, and resentful kind of discussion it undergoes now.

(This essay, in somewhat different form, was given as a Ryerson Lecture at the School of Fine Arts, Yale University, on May 12, 1954.)

The Whitney's New Home

by Jonathan Marshall

There was a sadness, a quiet nostalgia, last spring when the Whitney held its last show on 8th Street. An era was ended when the famous Carl Walters doors were closed to the public. The doors have been reinstalled in the Board Room at the Whitney's new building on 54th Street, and this American museum appears ready to inaugurate a new and equally vital era in American art.

There can be no sadness when one sees the new Whitney, for it is an outstanding example of museum architecture, planning and decoration. Working closely with Herman More, Lloyd Goodrich and the rest of the staff, architect Auguste L. Noel and decorator Bruce Butterfield have pioneered in museum design.

Opened to the public on October 26, the building has three outstanding new features. Floors are of a new wood compound which not only absorbs sound, but also helps eliminate "museum feet." The resilient rockwood floors decrease fatigue, which has always been a museum problem. Equally important is the special new lighting system that has been devised. The low gallery ceilings are entirely covered with glass, behind which are two types of lights. Cold cathode fluorescent tubes supply a soft overall light to the rooms, and incandescent spots are arranged so that they can

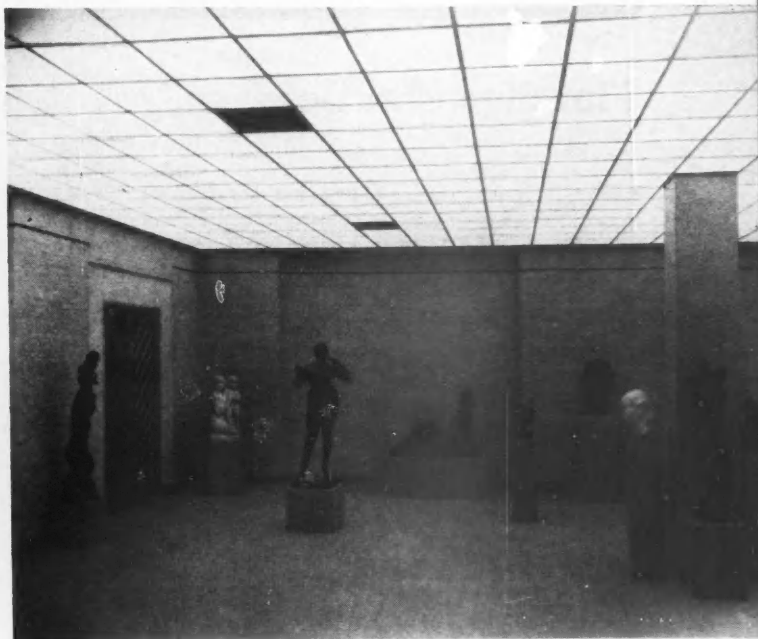
provide an even strong light to any area of wall space. The third innovation is the use of free-standing movable partitions with detachable wheels. Galleries can be divided into eight different floor plans.

In 1949 the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney's new neighbor, presented it with the land, ending a long search. Many problems arose in planning the new building to house the famous collection of American art and to provide adequate exhibition space. The new home, however, is an outstanding achievement from the basement metal sliding storage bins, where more than 800 paintings as well as sculpture and watercolors can be housed, to the library and spacious fourth floor offices.

Visitors will recognize several old landmarks such as Mrs. Whitney's famous fountain which has been installed on the second floor terrace and the chandelier that lighted so many parties and openings on 8th Street. But it is the new innovations that demonstrate the Whitney's continued vitality. The midtown art center has been happily enlarged, and those who created the new addition are to be congratulated; the new building is truly a monument to the memory of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney whose generosity and foresight meant so much to American art and artists.



Entrance on 54th Street



Sculpture Gallery

New Galleries

The Barone Gallery, 202 E. 51st St., opens Nov. 9 with a one man show by Beverly Pepper of paintings that she did while living in Italy. In addition to its regular one man shows, the gallery will sponsor work by unknown young painters whose pictures will have a top price of \$100.

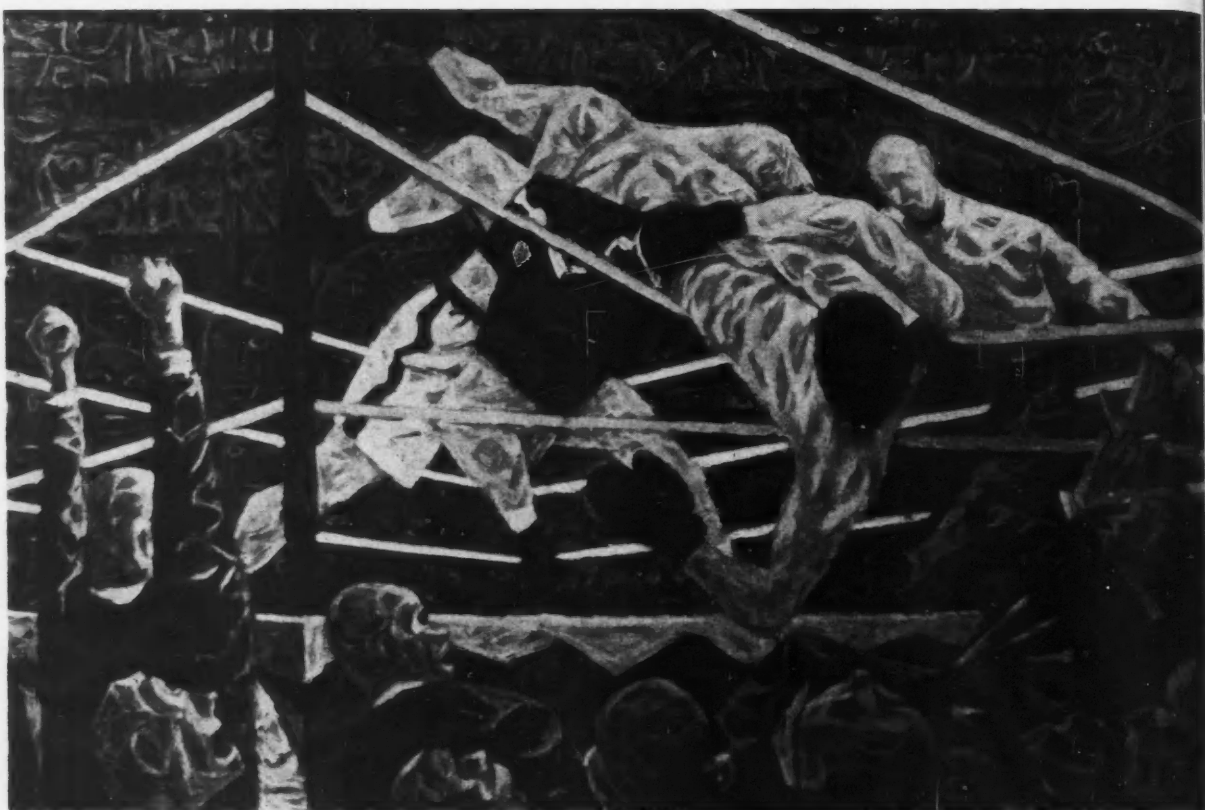
The Parma Gallery opened at 1107 Lexington Avenue, New York. The first exhibition was a show of oils by Hans Hokanson.

Jewish Motifs Exhibition

"Jewish Motifs by American Artists" is an exhibition of oils, watercolors, etchings and drawings which opened at the Kaufman Art Gallery of the YMHA in New York on October 21. The show, which was selected by the art critic Alfred Werner, includes 40 artists among whom are Philip Evergood, Anton Refregier, Moses Soyer, Jack Levine, Chaim Gross and Leonard Baskin. It will be on view through November 15.

Signac Exhibition

The special exhibition of watercolors, drawings and prints by the French artist Paul Signac will be on view at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts through December 5. Important works have been lent for the occasion by the artist's daughter, Mme. Charles Cashin-Signac of Paris, and by museums and collectors all over the country. A review of this exhibition will appear in the Nov. 15 issue of ARTS DIGEST.



Fletcher Martin: *The Crowd Pleaser*

Fletcher Martin *by William Saroyan*

I have forgotten when we first met but I know it was during one of my visits in Hollywood, and I know it was sometime during 1934, 1935, or 1936 — 20 years ago, more or less. At that time Fletcher Martin was in his late 20s. The thing that is memorable about him was a quality of quietude. He seemed to be at home in the world. There was a touch of melancholy in him. He spoke slowly and in a deep voice. He seemed to move with a pace that was his own. Everybody else I was apt to meet in those days seemed to be in a hurry. He wasn't. One sensed in his nature the strength of a sensitive and gentle personality.

I think it was at Stanley Rose's bookshop that we met. If this is not so, then Stanley Rose introduced us somewhere or other. The three of us certainly got up before dawn one day and went fishing near Malibu, because I wrote a short story about it, and while I haven't looked at the story in a great many years I know it was about the three of us fishing and not getting a fish. We did see a couple of sharks, however. Had we not seen the sharks, I might not have written the story. The point of the story was — there we were, on a small boat with 50 or 60 other men, all of us trying to catch a fish, none of us catching a fish.

At last a number of sharks came up out of the sea to look at us. This seemed to me to be something to remember. I remember also that it didn't matter that we didn't catch any fish.

In those days Stanley Rose exhibited paintings in a gallery at the back of his bookshop. I may or may not have seen some of Fletcher Martin's paintings on the walls of this gallery before meeting him, but I know that soon after we had met I did see a number of his paintings, and I remember that I liked them instantly and felt that I under-

stood them. I remember also, to sum up as quickly as possible the long ago, that on Friday nights for a couple of week's Fletcher Martin and I went to the Hollywood Legion Arena to see the fights.

I remember that we paid half a dollar apiece, or as little as we could, to gain admittance into the arena, and that consequently we sat far back, so that we saw both the fights and the people at the fights.

This is important to anybody who is watching things in general.

I remember also that at that time there were a number of very good Filipino fighters, one of whom was famous for what is known as the bolo punch. The thing that is important about the fights is that at them we became aware of the great Filipino fighter's refusal to be knocked out. This seemed to be a part of his nature. Punishment which seemed far in excess of the amount any human body could endure could not stop him. This is something I have not been able to forget, either.

I have also not been able to forget a certain quality of courtesy in his manner of fighting.

There were other excellent things we noticed about the men in the ring and about the people who watched them.

On the whole, it was impossible not to notice that almost every superior fighter possessed, as if it were the quality which made him superior, a kind of instinctive regard for form, grace, and what I shall have to call truth. These are things all people in one degree or another must be concerned with all of their lives.

Now and then a very effective fighter would appear who lacked form and grace and apparently any sense of truth. Such a fighter very often won his fight — that is, destroyed

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the skill of his opponent, and yet impressed one as being a bum. This may have been more a failure on the part of the beholder than on the part of the fighter, but at the same time the fact remains that even in a contest as basic as the prize fight one expects form, grace, and truth, and cherishes them when they come to pass.

We went to the fights to see the fights. We went for the fun of it. But at the same time Fletcher Martin went as a painter, and I as a writer.

During those days I met a great many people, just as I do these days. A good many of them were painters, a good many more were writers, published or unpublished. I have never met anyone who was not instantly interesting to me. I have never met anybody with an aspiration to paint or to write who did not seem to me capable of painting or writing. The fact that someone felt compelled to create meant to me that he would create. Making a thing is simple, but it is also mysterious, especially when the thing made is a work of art.

I suppose the depth of the mystery increases when the thing made was meant to be a work of art but turned out to be not a work of art.

A work of art is the simplest thing of all. It is simple because it exists.

Fletcher Martin was one of the many I met in those days who was painting. He is still painting. I find in my heart a deep regret about the others. Some of them are dead. Some of them have gone away. They have left the arena. They have forgotten about it. When I met them I believed every one of them would do, or at any rate might do, great work. Living itself, survival itself, is not easy. To live, to survive, and at the same time to create is very difficult indeed.

The probability of failure even for the lucky man who has survived, who has faithfully cultivated his skill, is certainly always great. It is, in fact, a miracle whenever anything he makes is a work of art. It is so enormous a miracle that when such a work is seen one is immediately humbled by it, and one is grateful for the existence of the creator.

Even so, I find that I have a special fondness for the failures, most of them by now forgotten, all of them gathered together into a single figure whose basic quality was earnestness. I have a theory that those who fail to do what they set out to do in art still somehow contribute to the eventual achievement of a work of art by another whose luck has been better.

Fletcher Martin's luck has been good, and I think it will become better. Not every drawing he has ever made, nor every painting he has painted, is a miracle, but enough of them are miracles for me to feel grateful to him.

And of course I myself am lucky in that added to this is the fact that I know him, and regard him as a friend.

I have only occasionally discussed with Fletcher Martin, or with any other artist I have ever met, problems of art. The reason this is so is that most painters and writers find that they are able to communicate ideas about art more effectively by speaking of other things — in short, by speaking of the raw material from which art must be created. This is why I began by speaking of the fishing trip and the prize-fight arena.

Why any man becomes a painter no one may ever know with accuracy, and that may very well include the painter himself. The early opposition is so great that by comparison any other kind of work is apt to seem preferable, more reasonable, or even more meaningful. The contest of the unknown artist in the arena of art during the early years is a rough contest. It seems preposterous of him to presume that of all the people in the world he is the one who may,

by the grace of God, create something that is real, that no one else in all the world can create. And yet it is this very faith, belief, opinion, hallucination — whatever anybody chooses to call it — that a new artist must feel. He must feel that what he can do, no one else can do, and then he must go about demonstrating the truth of what he believes, thereby transforming what would otherwise be a crackpot into a creator. It is the probability that he may after all turn out to be nothing more than a crackpot that makes the going for the new artist so rough. The days of the unknown artist are long, tedious, and anxious.

I have myself from time to time for the sake of my own soul sought to restore to my work this nagging doubt which is in the new artist. The reason for this has been that no man has the right to regard himself as an altogether professional or established artist. This is something others must take the liberty of doing for him. It is not, however, any of his business. His business is to look at the world, to re-examine experience, to go over once again, even if for the ten-thousandth time, the matter of what he thinks he is doing and what he believes he has observed about what other people think they are doing. No good artist can afford to presume or pretend that he has come upon final skill, final form, final grace, or final truth. If anything, he must remind himself repeatedly that in the matter of this strange creature, which is man, which has this mortal soul, there can be no finality.

There has always existed a great deal of interest in what it is that has been responsible for the arrival in the arena of art of a new artist. This cannot be explained, for the mystery of personality is the same for the good painter as for the

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Fletcher Martin: *Country Dance*





Funary figure. Osyeba tribe. Gabon.
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Ben Heller. Photo
Eliot Elisofon



Cup in Form of the Head, Bakuba tribe. Belgian Congo.
Lent anonymously. Photo Eliot Elisofon



Mask, Ogowe River style. Gabon.
Lent by the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.

Masterpieces of African Art *by Ladislav Segy*

*An exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum
on view until January 2*

The first and overwhelming impression of this exhibition of 220 works, representing 45 tribes, is the powerful impact these carvings from Africa gives us. Here they are—"loaded" with intensity, as if the latent force contained in them would expand, were it not held back with restraint; as if the spirits supposed to have taken abode in them dwell in them through the magic of the genius of the African carver. And all these strong emotional reactions are imparted by the incredible coordination of plastic forms that the African was able to master by sheer instinct, heightened in him by long tradition. The analytical study of the component parts of each carving reveals to us an amazing knowledge of artistic insight and discipline, used at the same time to express a deeply felt emotion, most frequently of a religious nature.

This excellent presentation, for which all the credits are due Mr. F. R. Pleasants, curator of primitive arts at the Brooklyn Museum, has helped bring forward the plastic qualities of each carving. In one room, carvings are placed against the white wall; in the other, smaller objects are placed in showcases with appropriate color background. The space allotted to each sculpture permits the onlooker to isolate the object and to concentrate his vision on one piece. The

presentation has helped to bring out the inherent plastic quality of each object in order to "live its own life," without resorting to over-dramatic or theatrical presentation.

Approaching the entrance, we notice a Yoruba hood mask of monumental construction with an equestrian figure and a number of smaller figures on both sides, from the Vincent Price collection. The interesting aspect of this carving is that it was done by a well known Nigerian sculptor, Bomboye of Odo-Owa (who is now about 70 years old) just about 25 years ago, in full respect of the old tribal style.

The American Natural History Museum has lent an extremely rare and interesting original rock engraving by the Bushman of South Africa—showing how different the art style of this people is from the northern Bantu speaking tribes.

The French Sudan and French Guinea are represented by nearly 30 objects. The Bambara headdresses in the form of a stylized antelope, are either placed on a pedestal or against the white wall, bringing out the delicate carvings of the body and the mane. These statues have a great lightness, a transparent quality, the sculptor having understood that they were

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to be worn over the head for use in agricultural dances, with the dancers imitating the leaps of the antelope. In the middle of the second room, placed high on a pedestal, dramatically stands the Baga (Nimba) fertility statue, composed of a boldly carved extremely large head and shoulders.

Princess Gourielli (Helena Rubenstein) lent her famous Senufo figure on which, with delicate taste, small red beads decorate the body—and the amazing Mossi mask. The facial expression of this mask is reduced to a straight line in the middle, with zig-zag pattern, and to two triangular incisions for eyes; the superstructure is, however, a full figure and is about three times the size of the mask itself.

In the next room, in one of the showcases, we find four clay heads found in the region of Krinjabo, probably by the Agni of the Ivory Coast, lent by the Buffalo Museum of Science. These amazing heads and figures, so different from the various tribal styles found in this region have a great stylistic resemblance to the clay heads excavated in the Chad region and attributed to the Sao kingdom, which was supposed to have existed in the tenth century. A research into the reason for this stylistic similarity might be of great interest to students of African art.

Among the Baule carvings from the Ivory coast, two masks of exceptional beauty and a door, with a stylized fish carved in low relief, stand out.

The Cleveland Museum of Art has lent a number of extremely fine Ashanti gold ornaments, cast in the "cire perdue" technique.

The Benin Kingdom is represented with a number of well known objects in bronze and ivory. There are plaques, heads, girdle masks, standing figures, a large cock from the Metropolitan Museum, but the most amazing and rarest object is a small, elaborately carved ivory double gong with the Oba (king) in the middle as the central figure and two dignitaries (arm-bearers) holding him by the arms. (*see cut*). It was lent by the Admiral Sir George Egerton collection. To be noted — one of the most amazing Bini carvings, a large elephant tusk, with approximately a hundred mythological and symbolical human and animal figures was not included in this exhibit, but can be seen in the African gallery of the museum.

Nigeria, including the Benin pieces is, next to the French Sudan and Guinea, the most amply represented. Among the Yoruba carvings, we have a hood mask with an equestrian figure, lent by the Philadelphia Museum, which is much older than the one already mentioned from the Prince collection. The comparison is interesting, showing that the older piece is conceived with greater simplicity and striking power, than the later one, especially since both represent an equestrian figure, Shango the god of lightning of the Yoruba mythology. Shango was also considered the legendary founder of the Yoruba nation and the Alafin (king) traces his origin to him. Another equestrian Shango figure is a very fine carving from the Newark Museum. The often reproduced extremely fine mother and child Yoruba, head of a sceptre, from the Rene d'Harnoncourt collection, probably used in the Shango cult, represents Oya, the river goddess, wife of Shango. In addition to the two Ibo masks, we must mention a magnificent headdress representing a human head with bold features, covered with skin (so close to the Ekoi technique) probably of Ibibio origin, from the Elisofon collection.

The Cameroons are represented with various masks (Bafum, Bamum) but the outstanding piece from this region is the well known female dancing figure from the Princess Gourielli (Helena Rubenstein) collection.

The Gabun region has many noteworthy objects. There are two Pangwe half figures, the presentation of which is very ingenious and suggestive. Among the funerary figure, no doubt the Osyeba figure, with its simple form, concave

face shape, finely applied metal stripes is an outstanding piece (*see cut*) and was lent by Mr. and Mrs. Ben Heller. To be mentioned also is a very finely modeled M'Pongwe mask (*see cut*) of high quality.

The Belgian Congo, one of the richest territories in art styles is, comparatively speaking, the least represented. We start out with a dramatic presentation of great masks, some polychromed: a very fine Bakuba (Bombo) mask, several Bayaka masks with their superstructure, Baluba, Bapende and other masks forming a double row of stands against the wall.

Among the Congo statuary we find many outstanding pieces: the extremely fine Bena Lulua mother and child figure; another high quality statue from the same tribe from the Webster Plass collection; an exceptional Bakuba drum with a human hand carved on the side (probably connected with the Yolo secret society) from the Elisofon collection; an extremely fine Warega ivory mask and several small ivory Warega statues used in the adult secret society initiation, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Stillman; two high quality Bakuba cups, one in the form of a human head (*see cut*), the other of a human body; there are two Bakongo mother and child statues of which (*see cut*) one is rather unusual as the child on the lap of her mother has the magical substance on its abdomen; the other, a kneeling figure, the child touching her mother's breast.

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Carved ivory double gong. Bini tribe (Benin Kingdom) Nigeria. (Detail)
Lent by The Admiral Sir George Egerton Collection, exhibited through the courtesy of Mrs. Webster Plass.
Photo Eliot Elisofon



Grace George Hartigan: *River Bathers*. Museum of Modern Art

Twenty-five Years of the Modern by Hilton Kramer

"I have no early academic or classical training to revolt against. I was taught at the 'academy' of modern art—the watering down of the School of Paris . . . the first painting I ever remember seeing was a Matisse at the Museum of Modern Art . . ."—Grace George Hartigan.

This frank statement by the 32-year-old American painter, whose *River Bathers* is among the new acquisitions on view at the Museum of Modern Art's 25th anniversary exhibition, sums up very well the peculiar mixture of enlightenment and academicism which the museum has come to represent in the quarter century of its fabulous success. The nature of that success has been, of course, contingent to the historical moment of its arrival on the American scene. When it opened its doors in 1929 with an exhibition of Cézanne, Gauguin, Seurat, and van Gogh, modernism was already a "period" in the history of art; it had achieved not only a history but a hagiology. What it lacked in this country was not a polemical assertion of its esthetic rights—the Armory Show had launched such a polemic 16 years earlier—but an intelligent public relations campaign. And the museum, emerging at that juncture in the history of art and the evolution of public taste—when the "product," as it were, had already proved itself durable and now needed only to be "sold"—the museum developed that genius for combining

scholarship and salesmanship which has revolutionized the whole idea of museums in our culture.

Certain basic policies have inevitably followed from this historical contingency. Above all, it has determined the didactic nature of the museum's exhibitions and publications. The early exhibitions, with their accompanying monographs and catalogues—the Cézanne-Gauguin-Seurat-van Gogh show, the Homer-Ryder-Eakins retrospective, the shows of Frank Lloyd Wright and the architects of the International Style—these were largely in the nature of bringing the interested public up to date. And it is in this spirit that most of the museum's major events have been conducted: not as unrelated exhibitions of individual figures but as a continuous exposition of the modern movement and the related arts (such as those of Negro Africa and the primitive Americas) which have come into new focus under the aegis of modernism.

At the same time, the educational function of the museum has been stimulated by another phenomenon: in the quarter century since the Museum of Modern Art was established, the educated classes which interest themselves in art have grown enormously in this country. The museum now sells, in addition to its membership, half a million admission tickets annually, and the figure is probably on the way up. The burden of supplying this increasing audience with a

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coherent historical exposition of the modern movement — without boring to distraction the large audience for whom this history is already an old story — is one of the predicaments the museum continues to face.

In addition to this educational function — which is often compromised by dubious publicity gimmicks — it is clear that the museum's leadership has always envisioned for itself a more ambitious role in the art world: that is, as arbiter of contemporary talents.

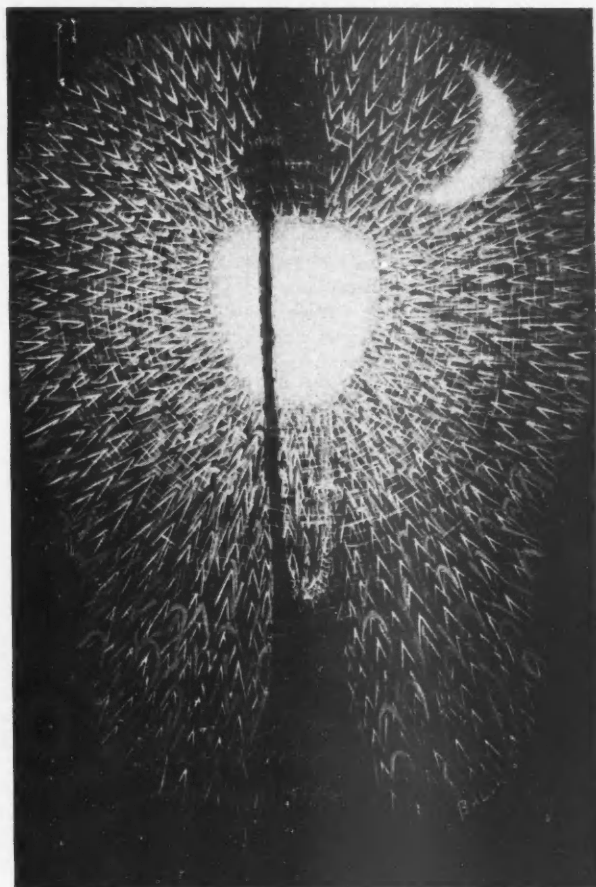
In 1930 — if one can judge from the remarks of Alfred H. Barr, Jr. on that occasion — it pursued this role with a restraint which in recent years has been less evident. In an introduction to the work of 46 young painters and sculptors, Mr. Barr wrote at the time: "No special phase of contemporary painting is emphasized because no phase seems dominant. Young painters follow in almost every possible tradition. A young Italian paints with the exact realism of the 15th century. . . . A young Hawaiian paints like a Parisian . . . A young American reminds one of Courbet, another of Dürer . . . another of van Gogh." There does not seem to have been very much fretting in 1930 about the emergence of important new movements, if only because the museum staff was busily engaged in other work. Even so, Mr. Barr had misgivings that the 1930 exhibition might seem like "a confusion or even an anarchy of taste," and assured the viewer that "we must watch the vacillation of a compass which may be about to point a more certain direction."

"The vacillation of a compass" is not a state of affairs which the museum's intellectual hierarchy has ever found congenial. In the last decade it has managed to discover "a more certain direction" with obvious satisfaction. The movement of Abstract Expressionism in painting and sculpture has been taken up and promoted by the museum's leadership with the kind of confidence and ballyhoo heretofore reserved for the masters.

It is precisely this eager pursuit of new directions, however, which leads the museum into some of its most disputed practices. For there is no way of separating in the public mind the museum's expository and educational function — i.e., its primary role in exhibiting and clarifying the course of the modern movement — from its function as arbiter of new talents and significant trends. The result is that any new artist (or movement) who exposes himself to the daylight runs the risk of being sucked into the enormous machinery of the museum's publicity apparatus, and there to be assigned his place in history, his esthetic significance, perhaps even his promises for the future, before his ideas have had sufficient time to be incubated, agonized and really developed at his own rate of speed.

Moreover, this confusion of functions cannot help but raise questions about the discrepancy between the kinds of art the museum is prepared to support. Hence, one wonders increasingly how the museum can support, with apparent conviction, the Abstract Expressionist movement at the same time that it continues to give a prominent place to pictures which are absolutely repudiated by everything that movement represents — pictures like Peter Blume's *The Eternal City* and Andrew Wyeth's *Christina's World*, not to mention the inflation of a talent like Ben Shahn's, nine of whose paintings are owned by the museum. About the last thing one would ask a museum like the Modern to become is monolithic in its esthetic commitments, yet without a re-examination of policy the contradictions cited here will surely multiply as the museum leadership continues to keep its hand on the pulse of new artistic directions even as it tries to consolidate its coverage of the whole modern period.

The aspect of the museum's activities which has probably received the most overwhelming public support has been



Giacomo Balla: *Street Lamp*, 1909. Museum of Modern Art

its Useful Objects and Good Design exhibitions, in which a selected number of commercial objects are exhibited with the imprimatur of the museum's Department of Architecture and Design. These exhibitions are enormously successful; people who otherwise have misgivings about going to art museums do not hesitate to attend them, and they presumably bring impressive results with the dealers whose articles have been selected.

There is ample precedent in the Bauhaus and De Stijl movements, of course, for the museum's design department. And the ease with which most visitors to the museum make the transition from considering an easel painting or a work

Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden: Museum of Modern Art. Photo by Alexandria Georges



of sculpture to examining a water glass or a typewriter bespeaks the influence the museum has been able to exert in this field. By absorbing design into its regular program, the museum has been able, almost single-handed, to make the epithet of "commercial art" (with its defensive echoes of vulgarity and "selling out") almost obsolete. It has, as it were, made an honest woman of the commercial designer.

The question of whether the onus of commercialism should have been removed so completely does not seem to have been raised by the museum itself. And from the vantage point of artistic values (and not from some vague ideological abstraction which runs off in search of a rapprochement between art and industrial culture at the very moment the designer is ransacking the plastic vocabularies of advanced painting and sculpture) — from the vantage point of serious art, it is an important question indeed. The serious artist and the designer exist in different worlds; all that the artist must resist in order to achieve an honest vision — above all, the official lies and public deceptions of his time — is what the designer must ultimately compromise with, manipulate, or be broken by. And by providing a respectable place for commercial design in its constellation of the arts, the museum continues to inflict upon the serious artist a kind of insidious insult, of which most of the public is scarcely aware.

Pittsburgh

Paintings of Everyday Life at the Carnegie Institute

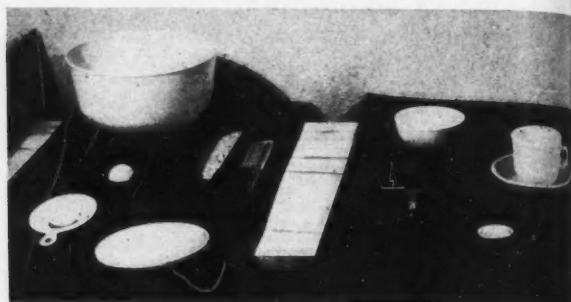
In what must be one of the handsomest installations of many years, an exhibition of *Paintings of Everyday Life*, organized by Gordon Bailey Washburn, is being presented in the second-floor galleries of the Carnegie Institute through December 12.

The striking feature of the installation is its appositeness to the genre paintings of Europe which date from 1500 to 1900. Planned with great intelligence the newly decorated galleries do not take away from the work through an excess of design and modernity. The pictures are beautifully

lit, easy to see and placed against a band of warm colored wall board, varied in hue from room to room, which only enhances the intimacies which are the subject matter of the paintings.

Eighty-seven pictures, ranging from Bosch to Picasso, make up the show. The work is on loan from American collections, and while not having examples of genre pictures from Europe was a limitation, the astonishing result of the exhibition is a comment on the great works in this category of art which are in this country. Genre themes by masters from Holland, Flanders, France, Italy, Spain, England, Switzerland and Germany are represented.

It is the first time that the subject of genre has been made the theme of



Useful Objects: 1946. Museum of Modern Art

All of these issues, of course, are an eloquent testimony to the force which the Modern has become in a short quarter century of activity. From the mass of confetti which the press is now raining down on West 53rd Street during the occasion of its anniversary, one can see clearly that its status as an institution, not to say an academy, is secure. What is less certain at this point is whether there will be in the next quarter century a sufficiently critical state of mind — both inside the museum and out — to sustain it in a truly creative role.

an exhibition, and Mr. Washburn's intention in planning and presenting it was to make a contribution to a knowledge of art history and to point up the variances which exist between genre painting and the styles of contemporary painting, i.e., a show that would make for a reflection on the esthetic problem of representation versus nonobjective art.

These paintings of everyday life are filled, for the most part, with extraordinary candor concerning the human preoccupations with life. They are scenes of people eating, drinking, disporting themselves, engaged in rendezvous. The titles are revealing—*Guy Party, Joyous Company, The Jolly Toper, Outdoor Banquet, Confidence in a Park*. One does reflect on whether in those times there was not more desire to indulge life, to make the most of it, and at the opening of the exhibition on October 14, which was an event to honor the founders and patrons of the Carnegie Institute, there was indeed a further reflection to be made as one observed the deportment of the spectators, staid and proper, as they respectfully paid tribute to the many masterpieces which were there. Did not most of the paintings say that life was indeed most important, even its ribaldry, its impetuosity? More important than art? In any event the exhibition is a fine demonstration that in Northern Europe during the 16th century there was both a love of life and great artists to record it.

In a forthcoming issue ARTS DIGEST will publish an essay by Gordon Bailey Washburn on *Paintings of Everyday Life*, having to do with the history and flowering of genre art as a major category of painting art.—HUBERT CREHAN.

Jean-Honoré Fragonard: *The Ineffectual Resistance*



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61st American Annual

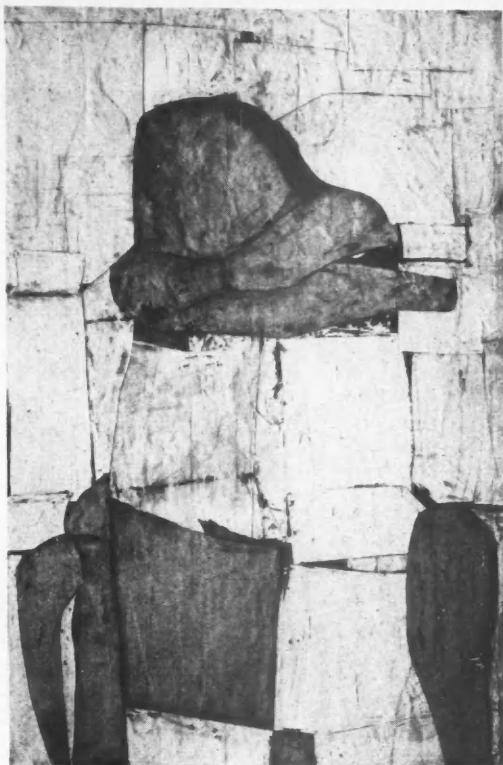
The long-awaited American exhibition at the Art Institute (through Dec. 5) is comprehensive and generous. It contains 156 works by 108 painters, 20 sculptors, and Joseph Cornell. It is interesting to have more than one work by a considerably number of the artists: Lee Gatch, Jack Levine, Ben Shahn, and Mark Tobey show three works each, while 19 other artists are represented twice. The show reaches all the way from non-objective to trompe l'oeil.

I have seldom found myself more baffled by the actions of a jury than I am in this case, and I am wondering what purpose these actions serve. This question is particularly important because of the fact that the top award, the Logan prize, is \$2,000, the largest it has been for 15 years.

Certainly Stuart Davis, George L. K. Morris, and James Johnson Sweeney, the jurors, know everything that there is to know about contemporary art, but their ten prizes form a strangely inconsistent group. They awarded the top prize to a huge untitled collage by Corrado Marca-Relli. Big patches of canvas, most of them white and shiny, but a few of them clay-colored and dull, are plastered one on top of another, with certain small areas accented with black paint. The execution seems to be deliberately casual. Out of the unattractive substance of this material emerges the sense of a strange physical presence, with a passing reference to a double-profiled Picasso image. I can understand including this work in such an exhibition, for it does not look much like anything else, and it has a quality which forces the spectator to speculate about the artist's intentions and meanings. But in spite of its large scale, it remains fragmentary, a hint rather than a statement. Is its undoubted interest really esthetic, or psychological, sociological, and therapeutic? It is less complicated and less interesting than the similar collage shown last year at Yale University. Mr. Sweeney did not include Marca-Relli in the Guggenheim exhibition of younger American painters last year, though he now finds his work worthy of a \$2,000 prize, while Leon Golub, who was included, trails with a modest award of \$100. These facts raise questions to which many spectators will be unable to find answers.

Prizes of \$1000 each have gone to an elegant and exacting construction in plastic and nylon wire by Naum Gabo, which cuts through space with almost regal distinction, and to a large abstract oil by Kenzo Okada, *Solstice* (also in last year's Guggenheim's show). This imposing work is strongly individual, with a feeling for dramatic and insistent shapes which is both authoritative and sensitive.

Joseph Alber's *Homage to the Square* (this time the usual orderly composition is in two tones of grey, white, and



Corrado Marca-Relli: Untitled Collage

brown) received a \$750 prize; while Willem de Kooning's violent *Woman* brought in \$500. Smaller prizes were given to Joseph Glasco's *Figures in Landscape*, a powerful and meticulous creation, strange and aggressive yet at the same time almost classically composed; Jimmy Ernst's *Planetary No. 3*, very smart and competent, but exploring a vein which has been thoroughly investigated by many others; an excellent Alexander Calder, *Snow Flurries*; a Mark Tobey of superb quality, *Window*; and Leon Golub's *The Burnt Man*, the very image of destruction, but which seems to me excitable rather than genuinely exciting.

These prizes arrange themselves in several groups. Five of them (Gabo, Albers, de Kooning, Calder, and Tobey) go to works which are familiar and have already achieved almost every possible kind of critical acclaim. No new distinction is conferred by the awards, and it is impossible for the museum to acquire anything from this group, as three of them are privately owned, while the other two cost much more than the modest cash prizes given to them. Three of the prizes go to works which are timely and well worth exhibiting, but whose permanent interest I seriously question. This leaves us two, the Okada and the Glasco, which are not only achievements of genuine distinction but which acquire a new significance because they have been singled out in an important way.

Picture of the Month

The American Federation of Arts has announced a circulating exhibition of masterpieces to enable leading museums an opportunity to display fine examples from the collections of other museums and also to make it possible for smaller institutions to offer examples of great painting which would not otherwise be available to them.

In the month of November, Vassar College will show Monet's *Haystacks*, *Setting Sun*, and the Gibbes Art Gallery at Charleston, South Carolina, will show *A View of Suffolk* by Thomas Gainsborough. Each picture will be on view for one month.

Northwest Artists

The 40th Annual exhibition of Northwest Artists at the Seattle Art Museum opened on October 7 and will continue through November 7. The exhibits were selected from 700 entries from artists of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, British Columbia and Alaska.

Toulouse-Lautrec Drawings

On November 15, 50 hitherto unknown drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec will go on exhibition at the University of Louisville in Kentucky. Made up of drawings from his childhood and youth, the show is part of

the regular series conducted by the Allen R. Hite Art Institute.

Free Loan Service

Oestreicher's, 1208 6th Ave., N. Y., has instituted an unusual public service. They will loan churches, schools and other qualified institutions a complete art exhibition without charge from their collection of reproductions. The borrower is obligated only for shipping charges in one direction. The program is intending to help smaller institutions make a start in staging exhibitions. Write Oestreicher for details and literature on the loan plan.



Jan Van Eyck and Petrus Christus: *Virgin and Child with St. Barbara, St. Elizabeth and a Carthusian Donor*

The Magic Realism of Jan Van Eyck *by Bernice Davidson*

Can it be right to admire a picture because we enjoy contemplating the sparkling pearls and silks, the tiny bridge with its pinnacled shrine, the whole rich inventory of this painted world? Haven't we been fooled by a skillful craftsman, forgetting the *important* elements of art in a childish love of imitation and of the miniature? We are so accustomed today to suspect all realistic representations in art of speciousness, of being mere tricks of technique that it will be difficult for many visitors to the Frick to assess the true quality of the Collection's newly acquired altarpiece.

The painting, begun by Jan van Eyck in 1441 and finished by Petrus Christus, will present a difficult problem to the conscientious spectator taught to disdain realism. Certainly the arrangement of the figures and setting is dignified and monumental; the pattern of drapery folds is ingeniously designed to link each figure to the next, but these formal elements do not explain the mysterious attraction of the painting. The expressions of the figures are perhaps more significant in accounting for the bewitching quality of the picture. An aura of gentle solemnity and benignancy emanates from these holy persons. The kneeling donor, Jan Vos, is the most serious of the group; the others seem to smile thoughtfully. Saints Barbara and Elizabeth are sweetly diffident.

But no matter how hard we try to evaluate the altarpiece according to broader standards, our eye always wanders back to the jeweled crown, the limpid river or to the turreted city with its busy citizens. The painter actually *invites* us to this visual exploration by placing the figures so that they seem close to us and by eliminating any impediments from the foreground that might obstruct our entry into his scene. Gradually the accumulative effect of these delightful bits of realism casts its spell, much in the same way color or light or rhythm stir us in the work of another artist. The same benign serenity seems to shine from every detail in this land of orderly perfection as from the infant Christ.

To the Flemish artist of the 15th century the physical world was the marvelous creation of God; one senses that he loved every aspect of it and that in painting each pearl and leaf with such delicate care, he was motivated, not by pride in his virtuosity, but by reverence.

The altarpiece is an important addition to the Frick Collection which has hitherto lacked a first rate example of early Flemish art. The painting has been installed in their oak panelled Enamel Room where it may be compared with 15th century paintings from other countries.

other is reminded of the subdued light of the sun gleaming through a stained-glass window of a cathedral.

These metaphors about what a Rothko painting brings to mind have a common reference to the phenomenon of light, to a certain immanent radiance that they seem to possess.

Light, in our culture, is the commonest figure of speech for spiritual essence, and these metaphors are ways of saying that Rothko's work is charged with what we mean by matters of the spirit.

A Rothko painting is *almost* a resuscitation of the ancient image of a vision, I mean in the sense of the Biblical image of the heavens opening up and revealing a celestial light, a light sometimes so blinding, its brilliance so intense that the light itself became the content of the vision, within which were delivered annunciations of things closest to the human spirit.

Past art has manifested many kinds of spiritual states. The Greeks, with their perfect pagan naturalism and ease of residence on earth, worshipped in their art the ideal of human vitality and physical beauty; the Christians of the Middle Ages, abnegating the physical touch and less certain that their spiritual home was on this earth, sought in their art a higher refulgence by exalting the expression and gesture of an immortal state of grace; and each authentic art style everywhere has been the projection of some answer to the eternal questions of the meaning of life.

Rothko's vision is a focus on the modern sensibility's need for its own authentic spiritual experience. And the image of his work is the symbolic expression of this idea. Now it is virtually impossible to articulate in rational terms what this might be; we can have only intimations of it which come first to us from our artists.

But what is the modern conscience, facing the perspectives

of mortality and the disclosures of our enlightenment, able to accept as the spiritual experience? There remains always the acceptance of the gift of life and our humanity, whose meaning remains as much a mystery to us as ever, and there remains the idea of faith in the pervasive aspirations of mankind for peace and joy, if not ecstasy.

The beauty of Rothko's painting is its evocation of the idea and the feeling that it is still possible for us to discover serenity in the midst of turbulence and that by accepting the contradictions of our transitional times and the complexity of our desires, it is possible to create an abstract form of poise. His achievement is that with the simplest artistic means he has made a symbol of contemporary experience that has the implication of a moment of peace while stating at the same time our worst forebodings.

I have said that the paintings contain as well as affirmations the symbols of the gravest doubts. And perhaps here too we can see that those emotions are related to the phenomenon of light. We have in our time become aware of the reports of the great billows of colored light that have ripped asunder the calm skies over the atolls of the calmest ocean. We have heard of the terrible beauty of that light, a light softer, more pacifying than the hues of a rainbow and yet detonated as from some wrathful and diabolical depth.

The tension of the color-relationships of some of the Rothko paintings I have seen has been raised to such a shrill pitch that one begins to feel in them that a fission might happen, that they also might detonate.

"More light! More light!" cried out the 80-year-old poet Goethe on his death bed. This same cry has resounded through all the generations of humanity, and now that Mark Rothko is again showing his paintings, I am wondering whether he too demanded more light while he was on the mountain and what new illuminations he has brought down for us.

Who's News

Maurice Raynal 1884-1954

The French art critic Maurice Raynal, well-known for his criticism and chronicles of modern European art, died on September 18. In 1919, after abandoning the study of law to become a friend and publicist for the contemporary movement in Paris, Raynal published "Quelques intentions du cubisme" and later, the first monographs on Picasso, Braque and Lipchitz. After World War II, at the request of Albert Skira, Raynal authored the volumes on "Modern Painting," the three-volume "History of Modern Painting," "Picasso" and "Cézanne."

The watercolorist John W. Taylor recently served as guest instructor at the John Heron Art School in Indianapolis during the month of October. . . . A painting by William Morehouse, of San Francisco, called *Magnesium Plant*, was recently acquired by the Smith College Museum of Art. . . . Participating on a recent panel on art education at Smith College, on October 15, were Victor D'Amico, director of the educational program at the Museum of Modern Art, Genevieve Anderson, supervisor of art education in the Hartford, Conn., public schools, Helen E. Rees, director of the Smith College Day School, and Rita Jules, also of the Smith College Day School. . . . Jules Viglielmo was recently elected president of the Woodstock Foundation, Woodstock, N. Y. The foundation will offer four grants this year of \$500 each, and Mr. Viglielmo stated that the purpose was "aiding the individual in the creative arts to



Juan Gris: Maurice Raynal

achieve greater self-expression by the grant of a few annual awards with no strings attached." . . . Dean Kenneth E. Hudson of Washington University School of Art, St. Louis, was re-elected president of the National Association of Schools of Design at the closing session of the organization's meeting at the Cooper Union last month. Also re-elected were Norman L. Rice, vice-president, Harold R. Rice, secretary, and James C. Boudreau, treasurer. . . .

Marvin D. Schwartz has been appointed curator of decorative arts at the Brooklyn Museum; he formerly served as junior curator at the Detroit Institute of Arts. . . .

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts announces the following appointments: Anna C. Hoyt and Peter A. Wick as assistant curators of prints, and Richard B. K. McLanathan as curator of decorative arts. . . . Anne K. Stolzenbach has been named registrar of the fine arts department of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. . . . Louis Bunce has returned to his post as a teacher of painting at the Museum Art School, Portland, Oregon, after a year's leave of absence in New York. . . . Carleton Ball is the recipient of a Ford Foundation fellowship for the coming year. . . .

Daniel S. Defenbacher has been appointed president of the California College of Arts and Crafts, Oakland. . . . Ten new scholarships have been made available at the New School for Social Research by John Myers, painter and patron of the arts. . . . the artist-in-residence at the University of Florida, Gainesville, for the 1954-55 year will be Arthur Osver, recently returned from a two-year stay in Italy. . . . Bruce B. Dayton has been elected president of the board of trustees of the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts, succeeding Putnam D. McMillan.

Mary Bartlett Cowdrey, assistant director of the Smith College Museum of Art, has been appointed acting director during the leave of absence of the director, Henry-Russell Hitchcock, who is preparing an exhibition of Latin American architecture for the Museum of Modern Art. . . . Calvin Albert recently completed a sculpture commission for the chapel of the new Milton Steinberg House of the Park Avenue Synagogue in New York.

Fortnight in Review

Modigliani

There are some painters whose place in art history is as much determined by their personalities as it is by their achievements and there is little doubt that Modigliani is one of these. His pursuit of a "short, but intense life" is a tale of heroic debauchery comparable to Rimbaud's and justified by the lasting value of the work he accomplished. In the memoirs of his contemporaries he stands out as a princely figure of great beauty and charm, an artist who resisted the experimentation in ferment around him and only discovered his true power in that period of calm following the cubist revolutions and the first world war.

In the exhibition of his painting, drawing and sculpture at the Fine Arts Associates there is almost a condensed biography of the man and his work. Only two of the paintings have ever been shown before in this country, the *Nude with Coral Necklace* and the famous *Portrait of Cocteau*. There are portraits from the time when he attempts to emulate Cézanne and model in color, and an early painting, *Amazone*, in which the Lautrec influence is inescapable. These, along with the two negro-influenced heads done during his brief career as a sculptor, reveal the influences which were to produce the remarkable portraits of the last three years of his life. The love he felt for artists, the companionship of Montmartre shows through his portraits of Soutine and Laurencin, the charming study of Picasso.

In the many portraits of unnamed women, there is rarely a hint of the delightful sensuality of his famous nudes. On the whole his portraits are distillations of the personalities as well as the atmosphere of the time which, drunk or sober, he loved. It is only in his studies of the two women who loved him, Beatrice Hastings and Hebuterne that there appears a coldness in the oval heads poised on slender neck stems. Perhaps the magic of his insight was reserved for the painters and painting he loved more. (Fine Arts Associates, to Nov. 13.)—L.G.

John Von Wicht: *Rhapsodie Variations*



John von Wicht

The development of European artists who have pursued their careers in America after a notable beginning in Europe—a group which includes Grosz, Hofmann, Gropius, Lipschitz and others—will ultimately form an important chapter in any future account on contemporary American art. The paintings of John von Wicht at the Passedoit Gallery form an interesting part of that chapter. Von Wicht was already launched on a career as a painter and instructor at the Bauhaus before coming to America nearly 30 years ago. The Bauhaus "look," and especially the particular turn it took under Kandinsky's direction, has often been evident in his pictures; and the famous Bauhaus versatility has led von Wicht into ambitious work in media like mosaic, stained glass and various graphic expressions. But it is as a painter that he has again and again asserted his talents, and the current show of his recent work reveals some interesting developments in the tension between his formative training and the American milieu in which he now functions.

Ostensibly inspired by the musical works of some American composers, with whom von Wicht spent the summer at the MacDowell Colony, the new paintings actually have more continuity with the painter's earlier abstractions than with any other art form. The best work in the show is called *Rhapsodie Variations*, a dramatic painting limited to grays and whites in which strange, masklike visages seem to emerge from the abstract shapes. The Kandinsky influence shows itself emphatically only once, curiously in the weakest work in the show, *Sun Song*, which seems to sum up a great deal the painter must know, as it were, by heart. In a work like *Piano Quintet*, von Wicht's relation to younger American abstractionists is more specifically underscored. Relying less on definite, accented forms, in fact dissolving linear forms into color at every opportunity, the work is yet executed with a fastidiousness which this style tries to repudiate, and the result is an unsettling work, neither



Ernest Guterman: *Figure*

emancipated nor fully rationalized. It is in *Rhapsodie Variations* that this tension is held in the balance and evolves into an admirable canvas. (Passedoit, to Oct. 20.)

—H.K.

Paul Burlin

Veteran painter Burlin with innumerable exhibitions behind him is showing 17 oils and a group of drawings which represent his work of the past 18 months.

Burlin's latest work titled *I* is indisputably the culminating work of this most recent period. More open, having larger forms and subjected less to the intense organization of his other works, *I* could possibly indicate that this painting marks the beginning of a new style for this artist who is close to 70 years old and who has maintained a productive creative life for many decades.

While the formal aspect of *I* gives it a distinctly different appearance from most of the other 17 works, what gives it the characteristic Burlin signature is the plangent brushwork and the full play of what can be done with color in oil technique. He glazes, puts on washes, overpaints, underpaints, leaves canvas bare, makes impastos. His surface is a bravura spectacle. And there is a full play of color: tints, tones and shades and much use of black.

Another very late work, extremely figurative, *Ecstasy*, is done almost entirely in washes that are admirably under control, but its presence in the show, next to the other paintings which seem directed toward tearing the figure apart, presents a disparity of intentions and leaves some doubt as to whether Burlin has completely made up

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his mind what forms he wants to incorporate in his style.

Most of the other paintings give the impression that they are based on a compression of landscape and interior motifs with fragments of the figure. These elements are given a thorough organization that is both skillful and fresh. (Stable, to Nov. 20.)—P.S.

Hedda Sterne

Joseph Conrad's novel *Heart of Darkness* might have made an excellent title for Hedda Sterne's new exhibition, though the jungle she describes is of a different kind. It is the city-jungle as secret and frightening as the black night, where space looms like a monstrous and monumental beast. Dark webs of space spawn murky urban scenes and dim images of man lie engulfed in the Frankenstein steel-forest she has created. Sterne's picture-poetry is a threat, not a promise. Sometimes, especially in the group called New York, the artist's romanticism borders on the sentimental for space-form dissolves into atmospheric and amorphous mists. Mystery is achieved through poetic obscurity and suggestion at the expense of a profounder symbolism rising out of more coherent pictorial structure.

Of greater interest to this reviewer was the painting of another series entitled *Barrocco* #14. Its huge demonic image, part human, part animal and machine, erupts with disquieting force across the face of the canvas. Here the artist has come closer to symbolic and plastic form expressing the psychological and philosophical content of her art. This is an extremely powerful painting.

Also included in this show are portraits of Barnett Newman, Kiesler and Leo Lerman. Of the three, the painting of Leo Lerman is the most accomplished, though the other two have a certain satire and charm. (Parsons, to Nov. 6.)—A.N.

Raymond Puccinelli

In his recent show at this gallery, Raymond Puccinelli exhibited sculpture carved directly in marble, granite and wood. All of the pieces, whether human or animal in subject matter, express the artists' concern with forms as solids massed into slow but powerful rhythms. Puccinelli does not attempt to dislocate naturalistic forms or to transform their bulks into open spatial equivalents; his primary aim is to keep the weight

Raymond Puccinelli: *Nymph*



John Koch: *The Bed*

of his material intact, while endowing it with simple, fluid dignity.

His paintings here, modelled in low-keyed color, are consistent with his sculptural approach. (Coeval.)—S.F.

John Koch

Given the right push Koch would be an out-and-out surrealist. He is already practicing a kind of magic realism in that common bourgeois sentiments are invested with the quality of merciless concentration, of an awareness of gesture that it seems the artist, probably unconsciously, is dissecting propriety. Koch might believe that he is one of those who copy after nature; nevertheless, in his world of disquieting elegance it is perhaps an excess of reality that accounts for all these overtones. Kept in their place and joined with reasonable functions small painting like *The Bed* does not impose. But I wonder: does the artist know these pictures are "shocking?" (Kraushaar, to Nov. 13.)—S.T.

Ernest Guteman

The total effect here of these 11 small torsos, heads, figures, all working models for larger works, plus an incredible brass vase which somehow reminds me of Dylan Thomas, is of an order of dignity it is hoped our time may some day bear witness to. This is sensibility routed from, retrieved from, tension determined by its continuous relation to human processes. Abstractly, this work takes the measure of time as he voices his "endless praise of the human body." He has achieved a personal realm of particularity. Muriel Rukeyser suggests this in her poem to Guteman:

"Under this breast, the air of flesh . . .
... standing for some immense idea yet
to be acted out."

(Jacobi, to Nov. 13.)—S.T.

Cleve Gray

This 36 year old artist who is also a Connecticut farmer and a writer on art is showing 16 new oils in his sixth show, the first of which was in 1947. A disciple of Jacques Villon, his earlier work was perceptibly influenced by that French master both in color and form, but this new exhibition demonstrably is a pull away from that

influence and begins to assert an independence of style.

One of his oils has recently been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and in his previous shows his work has sold extremely well.

There is a wide assortment of subject matter in the current work: landscapes, still-lives, allegorical pictures, curious semi-abstracts, some free form paintings, and a portrait of Mahatma Gandhi, seated with his legs crossed, his hands folded in an attitude of prayer.

It would be difficult to say that Gray has mastered a style, or even come close to realizing the fullness of his present intentions. There is much indecision in his use of draftsmanship, for even in his attempts to find free forms he depends on drawing rather than to discover them implicitly in painting. His color is ingratiating. (Seligmann, to Nov. 20.)—V.C.

Hedda Sterne: *Barrocco* #14



XX Century Masters

In the process of selection which goes on as sternly in the world of painting as it does in nature, the current exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery presents a highly intelligent and tasteful view of the periods and paintings which are becoming important today. In his showings of the dadaist and the futurists he gave impetus or expression to the reviving interest in these periods and in his current show there are forecasts of an increasing emphasis on the early work of Joan Miró, a renewed respect for de Chirico, and the ground swell developing under the work of the German dada painter, Schwitters. (There is, in fact, a wonderful oil by Paul Klee here which, in its crystallization of water's subtle refraction of light, can also be said to present a visual picture of shifting emphases far better than words.)

From the futurists, Mr. Janis has brought back Boccioni's masterful *Dynamism of a Football Player* of 1913, a work which should give pause to some of the bravura

A Novelist's Collection

The death of novelist William March last May came just as his new novel, "The Bad Seed," was on its way to becoming a best-seller. The author of "Company K" and "October Island," March had a large following with the reading public. But what was not so well known was that March was actually a business man named William E. Campbell, one of the co-founders of the Waterman Steamship Corporation, and that he was an active and fastidious art collector.

The Perls Galleries has now made their formal opening exhibition in their new quarters an opportunity to exhibit March's handsome collection. It includes nine works of Soutine, five of Rouault, two of Modigliani, two of Valminck, as well as single compositions by Bauchant, Braque, Klee, Picasso, Utrillo and Vivan. What looks curious in the context of such an elegant collection are the three vulgar works of Bombois. Also included in the collection, though mysteriously not on view, is a work

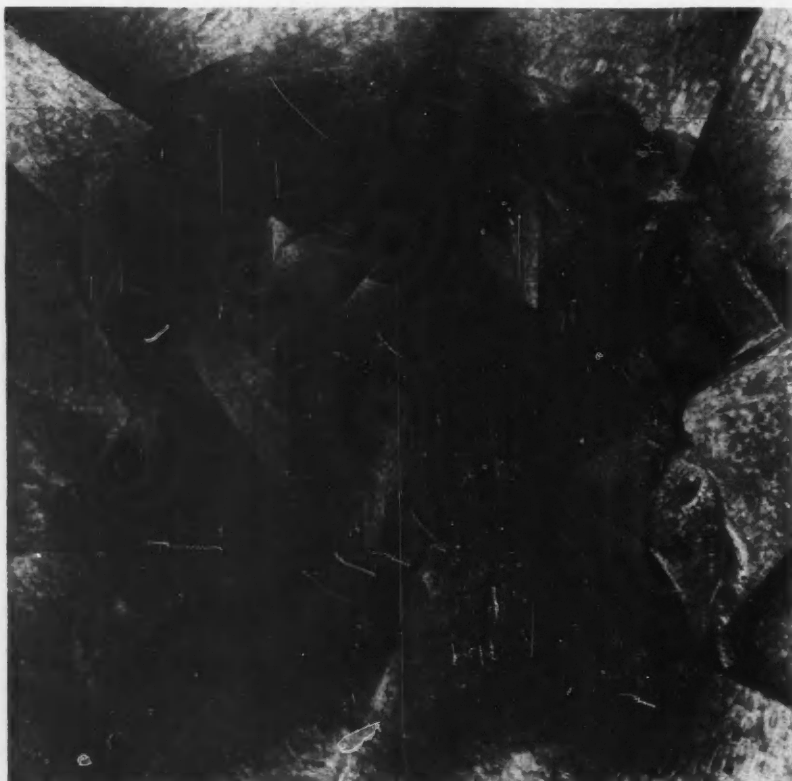
which he bequeathed to the Museum in 1819, and several hundred paintings and drawings which the painter Jean Gigoux left to it in 1894.

Paris himself is represented in this exhibition by a sketch of a woman drawing water from a well, as are his friends Fragonard and Hubert Robert, the former by eight works, including three from the Villa D'Este series, and a wistful portrait of a little girl, and Robert by 11 drawings in sanguine crayon and pen and ink.

Among the highlights of the show are six drawings by Poussin which reveal his masterful grasp of classical composition, three poetic Claudes, a *Portrait d'Homme* by Robert Nanteuil, a rhythmic, freely washed *Tobie et l'Ange* by Pellegrini, three Bouchers, and, among the 16 Italian works, five Tiepolos (including his graphically delineated *Tete d'Homme* and a charming *Faune* by Titian).

The exhibition is being held for the benefit of the Musée Benseancon, considered one of the most beautiful in France.

(Knoedler, to Nov. 13)—S.F.



Umberto Boccioni: *Dynamism of a Football Player*

painters of the New York school who are not inclined to respect their elders. He has acquired some excellent Legér's from his earlier and less rigid color and form experiments; a Jawlensky landscape from 1910 which turns an innocent pastoral scene into a thing of almost oriental splendor.

There are excellent Braques and Picassos; a new Giacometti portrait and an exquisite Arp. The entire show is a surprisingly complete presentation of the lasting currents of the modern movement and a worthy adjunct to the works of this period now on view at the Modern Museum and the Guggenheim. (Sidney Janis, to Nov. 29.)—L.G.

by the American painter, Joseph Glasco. (Perls, to Nov. 13.)—H.K.

Musée de Benseancon Collection

A loan exhibition of drawings from the Musée de Benseancon opens at this gallery on October 25. Consisting of 55 works from the Halian and French schools of the 17th and 18th centuries (although one drawing, a *Diana et ses Nymphes* by Donbreuil, dates from an earlier period) the show contains choice examples from the two major collections given to the Museum in the last century: the French architect Pierre-Adrien Paris' collection,

Gregorio Prestopino

Paintings by Gregorio Prestopino, while displaying the assertive vigor of all his previous work, depart, with a few exceptions from its vehement palette. One such exception is *Afternoon Sun* in which color and radiance seem to flow flamboyantly from the canvas. In the many figure pieces, the distortions appear to enhance the characterization. A number of the subjects seem to be drawn from the Deep South, but are actually themes suggested by the migrant workers in New Jersey, tinged with a social significance of their wretched conditions. Others are sympathetic renderings of children in their casual environment, such as the charming portrayal of *Pensive Girl*.

Prestopino's versatility is shown both in the range of his subject matter and in the opposite adaptation of line and color to the character of the themes: *Gray Wind*; *Black Structure*, and *Tracks* illustrate this ability to vary technical expression with the nature of his subjects. He also contributes a group of watercolors that possess both a glowing incandescence and sound structure. It is, perhaps, this careful design and the largeness of the papers that aligns them more with oils than with the concentrated, swift handling of watercolor medium. (ACA Gallery, to Nov. 6.)—M.B.

Francesconi

The sculptor, accustomed to thinking in three dimensions, must struggle to express himself satisfactorily in a two-dimensional medium. In Anselmo Francesconi's drawings this struggle to create concrete forms on paper has sharpened his line to a point of biting precision in the delineation of contours. Although his aims are purely formal the occasionally discordant tensions resulting from his austere arrangement of lines, planes and angles animate his figures and animals with a somber intensity. He is a classicist but his feeling for form is almost expressionist. (Viviano, to Nov. 6.)—B.D.

Ethel Magafan

The unpeopled mountainous landscapes by this Woodstock artist who originally comes from Colorado and who has also resided

more recently in Greece show an insight into the configurations of vertiginous terrain so that her paintings are able to present an image of the remote, high places and the clear atmosphere of hill country. Her colors are apposite to this image; her greens and ochres remain cool and remote, as though seen far off in the distance, and the white patches of year-round snow banks have an iciness.

While there are no people in these landscapes, in some of the paintings animals are seen grazing in the foreground foothills, or looming large in the extreme foreground there might be the head of a deer, expressionless, which gives a remarkable sense of scale to the mountainous background.

There are other paintings without hills and with figures, but these do not evoke the same sense of affection for the subject as the pictures of the remembered mountains of Colorado and Greece. (Ganso, to Nov. 6.)—V.C.

Nell Blaine

Miss Blaine retains her classic preferences, which in the beginning attracted her to cubist-inspired austerities and which now are cloaked in less disciplined (perhaps less limited) audacities which invoke the impressionists, post-impressionists and fauves simultaneously. It is curious, then, that in her audaciousness she proves her "modern" attachment by unconsciously paraphrasing Kandinsky — the Kandinsky of the traditional period just before his first really non-objective pictures. Her canvas at first appears a salad of colors until the subject suddenly falls together, lush yet casual. In some work, especially drawings, she adheres more specifically to a kind of realism. Miss Blaine remains a knowing painter and a fine one who must be allowed, in the fever of search and discovery, those excesses which serve to space her ideas. (Tibor de Nagy, to Nov. 16.)—S. T.

Jimmy Ernst

The title of the show, "Zero Plus One" refers to a large scale painting which consists of a band of slender cross forms stretched across a mottled and subtly shaded field of white. The craftsmanship in it belies the cynicism of the title but it also establishes the key of the show. Despite the skill and beauty in all the gouaches, the precise and tasteful use of line and color, there is a peculiar detachment in most of the work. One has the feeling that the artist's respect for his materials and forms has not lessened, but he is not very interested in saying anything with them at the moment.

Dark Carnival, *Fable 2*, and *Hong Kong Blues*, are skilled and pleasant work but as you move from one splinter-study to another, you begin to wish that he would be just a little less polite about things. (Borgenicht, to Nov. 6.) — L. G.

Cavallon

One of the few American exponents of "geometric abstraction," Giorgio Cavallon's latest paintings reveal a discontent with the neat surface which has heretofore characterized his treatment of pure-color squares and rectangles. *No. 2*, the most ambitious of the new canvases shows a desire to inject areas of motion in the orderly counterpoint of form and color. He does this with waving brush strokes across several squares which begin to break through the clear outline of the past. In



Ethel Magafan: *High Pasture*

No. 4 he has partially clouded over the color and forms with a veil of white paint, leaving only a hint of the understructure.

There are a number of his earlier canvases included in the show, and in *No. 11*, as well as *No. 10*, there is a blending of the two techniques which is quite successful. (Egan, to Nov. 6.) — L. G.

Charles Shaw

In his geometrical abstractions Shaw evokes intellectually austere themes of the city. The flat, bold patterns as found in *Book Stall* and *Manhattan Pattern* organize themselves into excellent structural and spatial relations. Though non-objective in conception they create definite visual scenes in the mind of the viewer. Shaw's occasional romantic interpretations, softly blurred in color and obscure in imagery, are not as convincing as the geometric canvases and tend towards sentimentality and compositional weakness. (Passedoit, to Oct. 30). —A.N.

Seymour Franks

With their forceful, full-blooded paint strokes strewn against a white background, Franks' canvases remind one of an exploded and magnified crystal or the chance configurations of a kaleidoscope. Yet despite the apparently haphazard arrangements of these dazzling colored forms, a strong guiding hand and mind are evident. Consider the wise use of broad areas of white to prevent the brilliant color harmonies from cloying; or the skillful counterpoint of surface textures against the jagged color patterns; or the vigorously directed energies about which the planes cling magnetically. In other words, these are paintings of unusually high quality, in which the emotive and formal freedom of abstract expressionism is balanced by a keen pictorial intelligence. (Peridot, to Nov. 13).—R. R.

Sabina Teichman

The figures on Sabina Teichman's canvases are submerged in cloudy, richly opalescent color. They never quite assume a tangible form or communicate a clear-cut emotion. Occasionally, as in *Home is the Sailor*, this dream-like frustration of contact between human beings can be very poignant. Sometimes, however, the ideas border on the sentimental. (Salpeter) — B. D.



Nell Blaine: *Bouquet*

Soutine: *Le Garçon & L'Habit Bleu*





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William Gropper

If, as is often affirmed, style is the man, William Gropper's paintings, now on display, proclaim him both cynical and romantic. In *Short Day*, he wrings every drop of possible pathos out of the worn out old horse, broken down wagon and dejected driver. In *Village*, he reflects the nostalgia of Chagall. Such figures as those of his little tailors have a cruel exaggeration. Again in *Harvest*, the brilliant contrasts of the red reaper, the distant green mountains and the deep, blue sky with the clustering figures are a romantic translation of hard work. In all of the canvases his sound accomplishment is evidenced in skilful composition, linear pattern accenting mass, color contributing subtly to design. It is realism plus with a tinge of sentimentality. (ACA Gallery, to Nov. 6.)—M.B.

James Vance

Captivated by patterns more tasteful than selective, Vance achieves the kind of craftsmanlike competence that is most evident among watercolorists. These 23 pictures are united more by this consistency rather than a specific temperament emboldening his subjects. Let us say then, they are handsome enough. Occasionally he prods himself by attacking a subject head on. Within the discipline of appearances—as in *Gala Ratjarda*—his statement has a rugged-



William Gropper: *The Old Horse*

ness in contrast to the openly decorative *Crab* or the roofs in *Carcassonne*. A Californian, he puts light everywhere. (Milch, to Nov. 13.)—S.T.

Hewitt Group

In its new quarters, this gallery opens the season with representative works by artists who are nearly all related, in terms of their meticulous, fine-stroked technique, to the magic realists; they depart from the merely literal by substituting literary elements instead, staging their painted subjects in symbolic postures or environments.

Alex Colville and John Langley Howard are more clearly concerned with patterning forms than most of the exhibitors here, the former's paintings attaining refined versions of somewhat stiff, Grant Wood-like figures. The show includes work by Jared French, Colleen Browning, Brian Connelly (two portraits and a still-life, all in microscopic detail), Elwyn Chamberlain, George Tooker, Charles Patterson and John Wilde. (Hewitt.) S.F.

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Romas Viesulas

The lithographs of Viesulas are notable for their excellent technical grasp and sincere expressionist feeling. Scratching and digging into the surface of his stones Viesulas brings about fine emotional and textural qualities lifting his work above the mere illustrative. Viesulas, European born, treats peasant and religious scenes with a simple, human compassion. Though his work reflects his European background Viesulas does convey some of the agitation and irrational aspects of contemporary feeling. The colored print *Still-Life* is one of the interesting inclusions in the show. Its color printing and overlapping, created with four different stones, make it appear more like an etching than a lithograph. (Matrix.)—A.N.

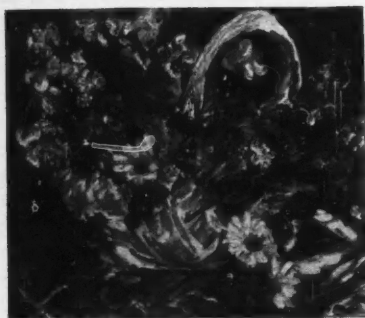
William Grimm

The paintings of William Grimm, who died in 1950, leave one with a strange, enigmatic impression. Grimm could endow his works with a disturbing, compelling mood, and yet he failed to make them convincing plastic and esthetic achievements. In a sense Grimm seemed to be an illustrator rather than a painter of a subjective experience. Too often he was unable to grasp deeper pictorial means for evoking artistic and symbolic form. Many of his still-lives and landscapes reveal this while voicing a pathos and sense of tragedy reminiscent of German expressionism.

His somber portraits, like *Mrs. Philip Lydig*, recalling Carl Hofer, appeared more serene as the discipline of portraiture served to check and refine his expressionistic fervor. They were his most penetrating and pictorially satisfying works and affirmed a sensitive rapport with the sitters. His ambitious and large *Alpes Maritimes*



Hale Woodruff: *Vertical Landscape*



Mr. John: *Fiesta*

was a bizarre and fantastic landscape, in which trees and plant forms erupt from torn and scarred terrain. (Lilienfeld, to Nov. 16.)—A.N.

Janet Marren

Warm primary reds and yellows in faceted surfaces serve as a luminous foil for brittle structures of black line in a number of Janet Marren's abstractions, while in others dark curtain-like foregrounds are pierced by polygonal apertures offering glimpses of brilliant color and lines which suggest infinite spatial penetrations. The most recent paintings indicate that she is moving away from the separation of line and form toward a fusion of the two in a softly impressionistic play of light and color. Both in her oils and the freer, less ambitious watercolors of Monhegan, the artist is in firm control of her medium and she attempts to establish similar control in the course of her work over the more elusive problems of light and space. (Grand Central Moderns.)—M.S.

Robert Watson

In the canvases comprising his first one-man show in New York, Robert Watson seems fascinated by high walls, by deep distances; by those actual or imagined aspects of nature which evoke a sense of isolation and loneliness. His world is cut by shadows in sharp-edged contrast to the lighted areas; even the darks, however, are modulated with stains of aged tones, withdrawn as if in proud decay from the observer's participation.

The enigmatic figures within these stage-like sets seem placed more as stand-ins for the actors, rather than as the actors them-

selves. The pictures show great control of technical means, but the imagery seems more intellectually contrived than deeply felt. (Babcock, to Nov. 13.)—S.F.

Hale Woodruff

The semi-abstract oils of Woodruff summon up vague figure apparitions in a landscape setting. Strongly organized by careful and subtle interlocking color-form and line they strike one as harmonious achievements. Their muted color produce soft, mysterious passages and a mood of lyrical restraint. Less complex paintings (such as *Capers* with its black calligraphic dance of lines), are austere, yet spontaneous in treatment. Of the larger paintings, both *Phylon*, ominous and phantom-filled, and *Vertical Landscape*, quite different in its rich and sensuous color, are noteworthy. (Bertha Schaefer, to Nov. 13.)—A.N.

Leona Pierce

The woodcuts of Leona Pierce are impressive for their extremely able technique and conceptual boldness. Taking the world of children for her subject matter, Miss Pierce records everyday child-play with sympathy and understanding. A tendency towards illustration in a few of the earlier prints is surmounted in her latest work which become simple and sure both in means and conception. Such prints as *Summer Playhouse* and *Tree House* where unadorned figure forms play intrepidly on white surfaces without intervening elements, produce both artistic and social statements. These children, caught in expansive areas of white space stand isolated and contained in a world of their own; a world conjured in the child's mind extending beyond the confining steel and cement structures about him. The few prints in color included in this show have a lovely textural quality and are reminiscent of Japanese wood-block prints. (Weyhe, to Nov. 16.)—A.N.

Mr. John

The periphery of the exhibition world embraces many surprising events, such as the showing of paintings by Mr. John whose reputation is almost fabulous in the world of fashion, yet his canvases shown here reveal that he has also employed his creative gifts in the fine arts as well as in fashion productions. This is not a sudden departure, for he has been painting for 20 years and has held two previous exhibitions of his work, but never before in New York.

A well-disciplined hand is apparent in the many flower-pieces, in which closely-serried blossoms jostle one another, yet are held into a compactness of final statement, loosely-brushed forms and richness of textures creating a tapestried design. In contrast to this opulence is such a canvas as *Anemones*, its simplified detail in delicate modulations of rose and deep red. The full brush sweeping across the canvas seems never to hesitate, but to carry out the imaginative conceptions in apposite terms of color and contour. Many witty underlinings are felt in such canvases as *Bon Appetit* or the luscious slices of watermelons against still more vehement reds.

There are further a group of landscapes, ably rendered, but losing in comparison with the brilliance of the flower paintings. (Carstairs, to Nov. 13.)—M. B.

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James Gahagan

This first one man show traces the artist's progression from the wildly explosive canvases of several years ago through a disciplinary stage in which the paintings are rigorously stripped down to basic geometric elements and thence to a fusing of the two extremes in a relational style of painting which incorporates a semi-geometric base in a spatially complex arrangement of shifting forms. Each painting begins with the life model and moves gradually toward complete abstraction as everything relating to the figure is eliminated and a new structure emerges. The show as a whole is interesting largely because of the steps it reveals in the evolution of a serious painter, but several of the more recent works are of merit in themselves as fully realized paintings. The outstanding work is *Model #1*, a long horizontal canvas with small sharp lights against richly varied areas of black. (James, to Nov. 7.)—M.S.



Joseph Scharl: *Windbent Trees*

Scharl-Borgatta

In this recent two-man show Joseph Scharl's drawings and paintings reveal him as essentially a draughtsman, using line as the Japanese use it; to make substantial his interpretive vision of nature's forms. The drawings are more than merely graphic—they seem to have been called forth from those areas of the creative personality which transform rather than merely transmit sensory experience, so that his visual utterance appears more as the artist's marking of a felt axis through objects than a reporting upon their exterior contour. His paintings, drawn with arbitrary colored outlines, seem less convincing.

Isabel Case Borgatta seeks in her sculpture to maintain the bulks of her media, whether they be wood or stone. She wants to create the symbolic and poetic without sacrificing a frame of reference pertinent to nature.

Her sensitivity for the surface of her materials is manifest more strongly here than an expression which is uninfluenced by the work of other sculptors. One feels that Mrs. Borgatta's undoubted talents are still in the process of arriving at her own individuality. (Galerie St. Etienne.)

Ann Mittelman

Out of automatic writing and Jackson Pollock, Ann Mittelman's paintings are scrolled, splashed and blotted into amorphous but often lyrical statements. Handling oil and gouache with equal ease, she creates images which have the ephemeral qualities of swirling snowstorms or fast-moving clouds (Coeval, to Nov. 13.)—S.F.

Bernard Pomey

His studies in ceramics and tapestry reflect these influences in the decorative simplifications and low, muted colors of Bernard Pomey's paintings. His concern is with the French landscape and its people: at play, at religious fetes, at funerals. *Mise au Tombeau* is somber and moving, more symbolic than the others, which, though competent and carefully designed, fail somehow to transcend a kind of postery illustration.

The largest work here, *Paysage*, is the most impressive, organized with those firm,

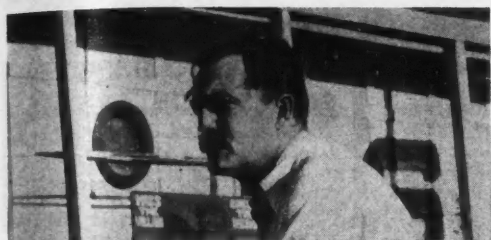
pearly whites in the buildings which one associates with the early Utrillos. (Galerie Moderne, to Nov. 3.)—S.F.

Gertrude Shibley

A member of the Spiral Group, Miss Shibley is having her first one man show. The 13 paintings were done over the past two years and show a marked change in subject matter and technique. From the feminine, light toned *Pavane in the Moonlight* she has moved to studies of New York which are bold blurrings of its skeletal framework in strong blues, red and black. *City at Daybreak* hides the solidity of its cement behind a golden haze. Two of the paintings, *Chinese Fantasy*, a clever orange and brown study of the colors and forms of New Mexico, and *Mountains Parted From the Sea* are the result of a trip to the West and in them she has discovered a vigor and strength she apparently had not suspected. In New York she seems to have found her theme. (Panoras, Nov. 8-20.)—L.G.

Elisee Maclet

A veteran French artist, Elisee Maclet, born
continued on page 28



Fletcher Martin

poor painter. It is the same for the excellent bricklayer as for the slipshod bricklayer. It is the same for the man who endures time with grace as for the man who endures time without grace. Personality itself is the mystery. And while it may be in order to seek to unravel this mystery, or amusing to do so, it would seem to be an activity that is basically irrelevant.

I have never found it possible to be astonished that anybody has created a work of art. I have always believed that this is perfectly natural, that it is in fact inevitable. I have heard that somewhere in Southern Asia there is a whole nation in which it is taken for granted that every person is an artist. I believe this is true. Every person is an artist.

Why the West has taken to an attitude of astonishment about the occurrence of great art is something the specialist may very well be able to account for. I can quickly and inadequately account for it by expressing the belief that the peoples of the West have for so long been concerned with the picayune and the petty that these things have become natural to them, but at the same time there remains in them a memory of a largeness of soul which was once their own; therefore when they behold this largeness in a work of art they are astonished and pleased, or astonished and displeased.

Adversity, wretchedness, unhappiness, want, neglect, disorder — these things, which are at best painful, may compel one man to greatness and another to something else — to simple, ordinary, universal humanity, for instance. There is no telling why a man becomes a painter of great paintings instead of a good farmer or a good printer or a good laborer. It just happens, accidentally and haphazardly — but that is also the way people themselves happen, so that this gets us nowhere, either.

If someone were to ask me, for instance, Why did you become a writer? I think I would have to reply quite truthfully, I had to.

I am sure it is much the same with Fletcher Martin. In any case, he is a painter, and I think he has been great enough to be called a great painter.

Among his paintings I find that I have a personal fondness and gratitude for *Trouble in Frisco*, 1938; *A Lad from the Fleet*, 1938; *Exit in Color*, 1939; *Temptation in Tonopah*, 1940; *Killer in Costume*, 1942; *Tony*, 1943; *Boy Picking Flowers*, 1943; *The Picador*, 1949; *Arabesque*, 1949. My preference for these is not, however, fraught with meaning. I am sure that were I to behold the others as they exist on the canvas in color, I would revise and qualify some of my choices. I find all of the drawings especially appealing. *Study for the Death of Sonnyboy West*, 1951, I like very much. Also *Girl with Hand at Throat*, 1951.

He has done a man's work. He is doing this work with earnestness, courtesy, conviction, and quietude. I find the dignity in the faces of most of his people irresistible and important. I will not pretend to understand what he is seeking now, but I know that whatever it is his search for it will be keen and unrelenting, and I shall be eager to behold his success in one or in all of his future paintings.

He looks like a cowboy of the West of 50 or 100 years ago, but he is a painter.

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in 1879, is still painting with vigor, as his present showing proves, in which some of the recent canvases are most outstanding. Like Utrillo, he has lived and worked for many years in Montmartre and drawn his subjects from its picturesque streets. Unlike Utrillo, he does not stress its crumbling decay, but enlivens its weathered textures and leaning buildings with bright detail of fencing, signboards and little groups of gayly-clad people.

His deep admiration for Van Gogh's work is indicated in the palette and pigmentation of *La Rue Soufflet*, and emphasized in an adaptation of one of Van Gogh's familiar works, the drawbridge at Langlois. In a painting of the cafe, much frequented by the artist, the *Sirene*, the vibrating brush strokes, the areas of brilliant color and formal distortions are a direct reflection of the mood and manner of Van Gogh. One of the most appealing canvases is *La Maison de Belioz*, smoothly-brushed in reticent color its shabby, little building set in a background of foliage secures an inescapable emotive quality in its tribute to the great composer. (Niveau Gallery.)—M.B.

S. Reichmann-Lewis

Painted with flat oil colors on a sanded ground, Sam Reichmann-Lewis' canvases seem, in their initial impact, to be like handsome rugs designed with a taut interplay of line against matter, soft-hued tonal areas. Soon enough, however, their more profound qualities make themselves felt: behind their decorative facades is an inner imagery which, like some of Klee's more geometric expressions, makes its evocative appeal on a deeper level than the visual.

The responses awakened by these paintings are akin to those aroused by classical music; emotion structured into a form whose restraint becomes its power. (Artists', to Nov. 11.)—S.F.

Dorothy Grotz

In her first one-man show, Dorothy Grotz exhibits still-lives, figures and landscapes that span five painting years. The show is uneven in quality, as her earlier canvases are immature and weak in color and structure. This expressionist artist too often allows her romantic fervor to destroy her picture forms and dissolve color relationships. However, two recent New Jersey landscapes speak with real authority and artistic order for the artist disciplines without sacrificing her emotional content. In these two, a spontaneous and flickering brushing of paint enables sensitive color values to emerge in harmonious pictorial drama. (Galerie Moderne, Nov. 4 to 24.)—A.N.

Group Show

An unpretentious exhibition of oils and prints—usually small, mostly abstract—by well-knowns such as Milton Avery, Franz Kline, Earl Kerkam, and including Nanno de Groot, Roy Newell, Lawrence Woodman, Giuseppe Napoli, George Griffin and Harry Mathes. (Galleria Pierino, to Nov. 5.)—S.F.

League of Present-Day Artists

A show of varied viewpoints, ranging from Garland Burruss' faceted realism in *First Day to School*, to geometric abstractions by Helen Gerardia and Sasha Kolin. A poetic abstract *Still Life* by Lillian Orlowsky and richly colored semi-abstractions by Eliza-

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both Erlanger are highlights in this exhibition, which includes paintings by Paul Hollister, Jr., Harry Mathes, Dorothy Marder and David Atkins, together with sculpture by Lily Ente, Nancy Dryfoos and Mary Kellner. (New School, to Nov. 16.)—S.F.

Ara Klausner

The small strokes of color which Bonnard used so beautifully in his paintings are used beautifully by Ara Klausner as well. Their color glows with a low luster; they have a feeling of depth and saturation. Klausner, however, seems to contradict their woven flow throughout his canvas by imposing the severity of pattern elements too quickly upon them, so that a relatively shallow decorative quality results.

The exceptions to this characteristic, #1, #15 and #17, manage to escape the restrictive linear patterns, and emerge as deep, convincing worlds of their own. (Perdala, to Nov. 19.)—S.F.

Elsie Jet-Key & Charlotte Lyons

These two painters stand in startling juxtaposition to one another. Miss Jet-Key paints a grim and menacing symbolism, while her co-exhibitor Miss Lyons records fragile and lyrical color poems. In contrast to Miss Jet-Key's purely personal descriptions of subjective states, Miss Lyons extends beyond the self and is more successful in her attempts to find pictorial equivalents for her feelings. Her renditions of plants and landscapes, though spontaneously handled and rich in color, show too undeveloped a painting personality. (Creative, to Nov. 12.)—A.N.

Anne Lenney

The landscapes of Anne Lenney exhibit a wistful and lonely fantasy. At first glance they appear as playful scenes, peopled by children in masks or by sprightly dancers, but their gaiety is belied by the leafless forests through which they move. This double mood is best described in her ambitious *They Were So Young*, though the same theme runs through several other pictures. At times, the artist loses her fragile fantasy, and paints straightforward landscapes or plant studies distinguished by an almost clinical observation of subject matter. (Creative, to Nov. 6.)—A.N.

Ellen Burka & Bret Eddy

Miss Burka, a young Canadian painter, gives vent to strong and daring expressionism, probing and experimental. She first toys with a Picasso-like treatment of still-life, then wanders into a gentle, impressionistic lyricism. Her various interpretations have serious intention but indicate her lack of direction and painting maturity. Bret Eddy is another case; his facile and decorative abstractions appear finished although on further scrutinizing they appear devoid of meaning or artistic merit. (Creative, to Nov. 13.)—A.N.

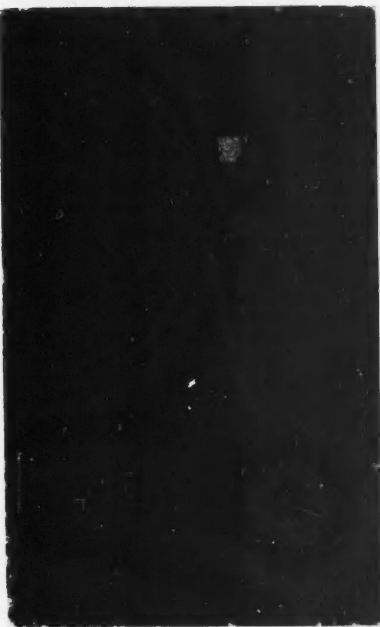
Alex Katz

For his first one-man show in New York, Katz is showing a group of paintings of figures, interiors and landscapes patterned and colored in a style out of Matisse via Milton Avery. Several works, like *Through the Barn Door, 4 P.M.*, and *Family Album*, show in their vegetation motifs an admirable abstract interest, yet these are admirably counter-poised to the figurative elements to give these works a tension which their surface charm seems at first to re-

pudiate. Least convincing are the portrait figures, but the exhibition as a whole is full of small pleasures. (Roko, to Nov. 10.)—H.K.

Doris & Richard Beer

This husband and wife are facile and fluent watercolorists. Both, fairly tradition-minded, bring to their work competent watercolor technique. Doris Beer records quite faithful interpretations of scenes studied, while Richard Beer perceives nature with an Oriental-like sensibility. Where his wife is more bold and color-minded, Richard Beer strives for subtle relationships and tender painting mood. (Butler, to Nov. 1.)—A.N.



Alva: *Baudelaireque*

Serigraph Artists

Three artists exhibiting serigraphs reveal the range of expression in this technique. Alva's prints (exhibited in October), in exquisite color patterns, suggest an oriental approach with calligraphy, rather than formal design as their basis. Their tenuous designs do not suggest any connection with their titles, yet without solution of their symbolism, they present visual enticements. He also contributes a group of black and white lithographs, their trenchant incisiveness contrasting with the delicacy of his serigraphs. The witty *Baudelaireque*; the terror-stricken *Cain* and the somber authority of *Priest* are outstanding papers.

Dorr Bothwell's serigraphs (to Nov. 1) possess an implicit sense of depth and space, in enfoldments of rich color, particularly in *Sea Treasure* and *Pool*, abstract Epitomes of their themes. Stark contrasts of white and green in *California Winter* and the all-over, whirling movement of *Sand Storm* are brilliant opposing schematic designs.

Relf Nesch (Nov. 2-15) has invented a method of printing serigraphs on metal, adding a sort of collage of wire mesh or metal detail to increase their decorative effects. This unusual technique obtains tactile values in their handsome color patterns. In the semi-abstract figure pieces, such as *Juggler*, bodily gestures contribute a rhythmic obbligato that vibrates throughout the paper. (Serigraph Gallery.)—M.B.

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Anthony Thieme & Rockwell Brank

The lure of the exotic has seduced these two painters. For Thieme it is Spain, terribly picturesque with its tile-roof houses, arid atmosphere, sun-baked dirt roads, and peasants balancing baskets on their heads. For Brank, it is nothing less than the Cape Verde Islands, West Africa, from where a wildly dramatic sea is observed. Stormy, dark foregrounds of rushing waters are not very nimbly played off against distant patches of theatrical light which illumine with lurid purples the crests of the waves. (To Nov. 6; Nov. 9 to 20, Grand Central Art Galleries.)—R.R.

Roy Mason & Gordon Grant

Too many shades of Winslow Homer reverberate through Mason's autumnal watercolor series, with its scenes of wild ducks, forest hunters, cliffs and sea. The most attractive of these hackneyed scenes are the flying ducks, whose asymmetrical placement against the background of the sky is a welcome relief to the general conservatism of the compositional schemes.

Gordon Grant's watercolors are even more innocuous than Mason's, with innumerable misty seaports displaying the inevitable seagulls, dock-workers, ramshackle houses—all in somber blue-gray tonality. (Nov. 2 to 20, Grand Central Art Galleries.)—R.R.

Benjamin Copman

"Well," writes Mr. Copman, in his catalogue, "Cézanne suddenly crawled out from his grave and in the quiet of the night entered the Museum of Non-Objective Art . . . There, in his dark blue coat, he placed himself against the white wall, folded his arms, and remained standing: a symbol of human dignity, a master's tribute to the object."

I would like to take enough time from Mr. Copman's paintings to say that this is most annoying coming from a painter. It is ironic when Cézanne is invoked in the name of a new sanity in art.

This attitude explains the presence of Cézanne, among other Frenchmen, almost all of those we are familiar with—Soutine, Rouault, Van Gogh and, of course, Cézanne in Copman's probing work where a *Long Island Landscape* is turned into Aix-on-Provence. Plainly there is reverence here but a defection in understanding leads to failure in his largest ambitious canvas, *In the Gallery*, painted as if by two men. How else account for the "modern" simplifications in the background? (Heller, to Nov. 13.)—S.T.

Constantine Abanavos

The exhibition of Constantine Abanavos' paintings reveals that he has achieved greater command of his resources, increased ability to frame the inner mystery of his ideas in designs that bring clarity to their symbolism. As in his last previous showing a love of the sea has inspired many of his themes, abstractions, carried out in acuity of planes in purity of unmodulated color. The large areas of unmodified color as well as their original arrangements bring an immediacy of appeal to the paintings. A large plane of cerulean blue set against areas of other lucent blue is the basis of the design of *Voyage*. On other canvases a vibrant red is held against rosy pink, terracotta and wine reds are surprisingly juxtaposed, yet successfully. These color schemes relieve the austerity of the artist's formalized de-

signs and accentuate their cryptic symbolism.

Angles and sharp intersections are the whole tale. *Sea Shell* pouring out echoes of the waves is a rotund form, while the figure, *Maternelle*, is built up of fluent curves. It is all work in which there seems to be no established conventions, but a ready adoption of unusual conceptions unhindered by rules of visual syntax. (Contemporary Arts, to Nov. 5.)—M.B.

Leo Amino

In his 12th one-man show, Leo Amino shows 60 pieces, 37 of which are new. His wood and wire structures are intricate and fragile architectural constructions which acquire a sense of strength and permanence by the coordinated totality of the whole. Six pieces, done in plastics, reveal to an even greater degree his craftsmanship and finesse. He has molded plastic into biomorphic forms and within the plastic has imbedded and molded substances such as wood, tinfoil, and other plastics. The refraction of light through the colored and transparent parts of the plastic magnifies and distorts the shapes within and gives the feeling of space and depth. The effect is both enigmatic and provocative. A primitive-like emotional power combined with the mystical sophistication of the Orient gives this sculpture an appeal to observers of every degree of simplicity and sophistication. (Sculpture Center, to Nov. 12.)—A.S.

Walter Meigs

Meigs is a young artist who has happily discovered what he feels and can express it with calm and assurance and taste. *Bright Green Place* and *Sunrise* have the strength and simplicity of the landscape of the Middle West and establish a real connection between you and the depth of his own feeling.

The 11 canvases which make up his first one man show were done in the past two years and even in the less successful works, such as *Wasted Land*, there is a clear sense of a personality behind them.

His three latest paintings, *Bright Field*, *Open Field - Clearing*, and *Quiet Distance* are on first glance the most beautifully painted canvases in the show, but there is a shade less intensity in their emotional impact. His technique is more controlled, but in the process, he seems to have subdued his own feeling. It is the warmth of his love for the landscape that makes this a memorable show. (Alan, to Nov. 13.)—L.G.

Caravan Group

This watercolor exhibition by members of the Caravan Gallery has 60 items which displays many diversities of handling in subjects drawn from East and West. The majority of these paintings possess the essential quality of this medium, spontaneity. Some of the admirable papers, in which line, form and color produce a cogent artistic idiom are the swift staccato movement of Ann Mittleman's *Washed Ashore*, the lyrical charm of Clara Roesch's *Spring Flowers*, the skilful juxtaposition of planes in *Cloudy Day at Grand Canyon* by Patricia Bott. There are a number of landscapes in which scenes are translated from visual experience into a personal conception; among them are papers by Fania Dubrow, Julia Shulman, Benjamin Morrow, Connie Bond, and Amy Freeman Lee.

Fantasy marks Norma Heisler's *Little Elf*, Helen Frank Protas' *Jitterbugs*, and Marie

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Wilner's *Les Oiseaux*. Other artists making definite contributions to the exhibition include Eugene Hutter, John McClelland, Kirsén Kahn, Sally Duval and Gordon Brown. (Caravan Gallery.)—M.B.

Martinez Serra

The son of the President of Uruguay, Mr. Serra, has concentrated most of his talents on scenic and costume design in his native country and in Europe. This show represents his first exhibition in this country and is made up of oils done during the last two years. Although he has chosen subjects within the range of his Connecticut home he manages to invest a study, *Apples and Flowers* with the Latin sense of color and pattern. *The Big Jug* could be an illustration for a Spanish novel. (Crespi, Nov. 8-20.)—L.G.

Esther Davis

These canvases offer variations on a cubist theme, where traditional cubist subjects — still-lives, the human figure, and the inevitable chess game — are wedded to subdued color harmonies of grays, blues, tans. Although they are all accomplished and discreet analyses of line and plane, they pay much too much homage to masters like Villon and Knaths to elucidate a distinct personality. They are, in fact, most individual when they deviate from orthodox cubism as in No. 11 (*Composition '54*) with its loosening of form, and its delicately transparent bottles subtly merging into the chalky background planes. (New Gallery, to Nov. 6.)—R. R.

Roy Boot

Roy Boot's semi-abstract compositions are composed of flat shapes often webbed in by a network of straight lines. The texture of the paint is dry and unsensuous; his colors run to pinks, pale blues and tans. The watercolors are less formal and more loosely handled. (Hacker.)—B.D.

Roger Baker

A Guggenheim Fellow recently returned from Europe, Baker presents in his first one show paintings which have a sense of craft almost at war with his ideas. If in conversation he uses expressions like "tensions of textures," which he did, then craft in winning the cold war. Certainly these are romantically evocative canvases in the most literal sense, overly remote cousins to the Stuempfigs and Bermans, and not yet their peer. What they need I think is a kind of indecency or a breath of air, the intimations of a personality, less conscious of the historical sense of art. (Kearing, to Nov. 13.)—S.T.

Crespi Group

It is a tribute to this small gallery that the work of so many of its regular contributors could be combined with the collection of Peruvian silver and ceramics. Painted statuettes and filagree work in silver have been mounted as collages on the gallery walls, flanking the oils of Gregori, Chris Williams, Stan Fraydas, and Crespi. Some of the Crespi artists are represented with watercolors and there are two sensitive wood sculptures by Betty Thompson. (Crespi, to Nov. 6.)—L.G.

Samartino

Samartino, an exponent of modernism, is chiefly concerned with figures, making them the focal basis of synthesized compositions. He displays remarkable fecundity of invention in the many variations of such themes. Surety of brushing complementing imaginative conception attains a delicate balance of design in his work, linear patterns accentuating the impact of distortion of forms in enviroining detail.

On some of the canvases, color appears conditioned by subject matter, as in the cool, neutral tones of *Homage* with its inescapable reflection of the antique world, or in *Still-Life with Bird* interpolated by a sculptured head. The brilliant notes of *Girl with Candy* or of the familiar *Pierrots and Harlequin* seem aggrandizements of the gayety of their themes. On only one canvas does the artist give us too much for our money, in the lavish detail of *Still-Life No. 1*. (Galerie De Braux to Nov. 13.)—M.B.

Hedi Fuchs

Children's art is the point of departure for these paintings, where flat and crude colors, blotchy and threatening faces, primitively simplified landscapes create, paradoxically, a much too self-conscious art of little, if any, naivete. It is the small water-colors rather than the larger oils which succeed, on occasion, in capturing a certain child-like reverie and poignance, and whose curious fantasy persuade us for the moment that their technical awkwardness is a virtue and not a failing. (Hansa, to Nov. 6.)—R.R.

D. R. Fitzpatrick

One of the few great cartoonists remaining in this once fertile area of American expression, D. R. Fitzpatrick of the St. Louis Post Dispatch is exhibiting selected examples of his recent work for this newspaper. They reveal him as both a courageous fighter for his convictions and a graphic artist whose drawings nearly always punch their point across dramatically.

Although Fitzpatrick's forms are simple and highly selective their esthetic communication is on an elementary level; their great strength lies in their story-telling impact; the lonely figure of Peace seated at a conference table, titled *Anyone Else Coming?* or the planked wall being nailed around the Statue of Liberty, *All in the Name of Security*. The show includes some devastating jibes at McCarthy and Republican administration policies. (Wellons, to Nov. 13.)—S.F.

Katherine Drucklieb

The first one-man show of small oils on paper by an artist who is neither naive or experienced, but apparently self-taught. (Creative.)—L.G.

Robert M. Rosenberg

Oils and watercolors by Robert M. Rosenberg are records of landscape moods—the beating of wind, the curtain of rain, the warmth of summer are the themes, which have been developed with poetic undertones. Both canvases and papers are small, and in the case of the oils, the fusing together of the component planes produces a rather blurry effect. Color in both mediums is usually low in subdued neutral tones, although there are occasional flashes of brilliant color that relieve rather monotonous impressions. A charcoal drawing of a Woodstock landscape is a decided contrast to the vagueness of the paintings, in its sharp definitions and vigorous handling. (Davis Gallery, to Nov. 30.)—M.B.



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African Art *cont'd from page 13*

Still bearing in mind the restricted nature of this exhibition, we cannot help but regret that so many types of objects, known for their high aesthetic value are missing. At random, we may mention only a few: the Kifwebe (Baluba) masks; the Mangbetu jars; the highly imaginative Batshioko masks; the monumental Mendi (Bundu) hood masks; the amazingly simple and expressive Bangala statues from the North Congo; some Ekoi heads or the angular adoumas masks—this time not speaking of such masterpieces as the Baluba (Buli type) stools or woman with bowl, the Bakuba king statues, an Ibibio (Ekpe) figure of some highly interesting archaeological object such as Nok, or Sao terra cottas.

But the present exhibition is a highly exciting and rewarding show, if we wish to admire the creative genius of the unknown African carver. Indeed, they stand, beautifully presented, in space, and they communicate with the onlooker in their own language, the plastic idiom—to those sensitive enough to decipher this universal language.

However, to quote from the foreword "the sculpture itself is never a hollow vehicle for design" we may add, that most frequently they are neither from the African's point of view, "works of art" for aesthetic pleasure. These carvings are, in a deeper sense, documents of a well integrated African culture.

As with all works of art, we start with the contemplation of the work and if we have found an emotional response to it, we cannot help but ask the questions: why is it that the works of the so called "primitive" people can move us, people of the western civilization; what are the thoughts and feelings of the African which were expressed so eloquently in these carvings. To find the answer we must ultimately relate the works to their ethnic origin. The knowledge of the use of the objects, the understanding of the underlying ideologies, which can be traced to valid psychological motivations, will contribute not only to the understanding of their role in their society, but will serve also to focus our attention better on some particularities of each piece and will at the same time enhance our enjoyment of them. Just as we cannot divorce sheer esthetic enjoyment and appreciation from our intellectual interest in the artist, in the same manner, the presentation of an art product of a great continent should not be isolated from the culture in which it originated. The very fact, that these works of art are of high artistic standing and are comparable at their best, to any art work in the history of art, indicate only that such works can be produced by a culture which has

Second Travelling Show

"International Influences upon Contemporary American Painting" was the topic for the panel discussion highlighting the second Philadelphia exhibition of Travelling Art, Inc., at International House on October 10. The show will continue through November 5.

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a great homogeneity, a communally shared philosophy.

We believe that if an educational institution having organized such a magnificent exhibition would have provided explanatory notes on the use and ethnic significance of each object, to show the meaning of each of them in the life of the African — it would have enhanced to a great extent the educational value of this presentation. The simple indication of the tribe's name is meaningless for the visitor of such an exhibition; he wants to know more about each object — and this, the present reviewer can ascertain after 30 years of experience in the field of African art. (It is rather incongruous that in contradiction to this lack of ethnographical interest, there is an unfounded, overprecocious labeling of 30 tribes out of 75, shown in this exhibit, with "undetermined" origin.)

Despite its shortcomings, this exhibition is a welcome and most attractive manifestation to call the attention of the general public to the magnificence of African sculpture. It is hoped, however, that through the visual appeal, highlighted in this show, visitors will be inspired to investigate, from the abundant literature available, the role of these sculptures in the African society. This will open new vistas of appreciation, the functional motivation of the works themselves and ultimately a better knowledge of the African civilization.

In an abundantly illustrated catalogue, articles by William Fagg, F. H. Lem, E. Clark Stillman and Leon Siroto, following the main aims of the exhibition, contribute studies mainly concerned with characteristics and attributions of tribal styles.

American Still-Lives

The inaugural exhibition at Koedler's new gallery of American art was a selection of 30 small canvases by early American still-life painters. The paintings are more than just sleek factual documentations. They illustrated the achievement of the still-life tradition in America as one of our most refined expressions.

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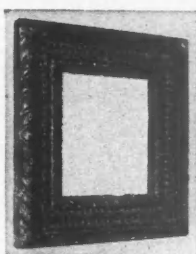
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Auctions



Delacroix: *Caesar before the Body of Pompeii*. To be auctioned at the Parke-Bernet Galleries on November 17. Other works in the group include Braque's *Nature Morte*, Bonnard's *Pan et les Nymphes*, Utrillo's *Place du Tertre en Hiver*, Chagall's *Village at Night* and a bronze, *Seated Girl*, by Kolbe.

Auction Calendar

November 5-6, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Louis XV & Louis XVI furniture, chandeliers, wall sconces, candelabra; Dresden, Vieux Paris & other porcelain, paintings & drawings. From the Chateau de Yerres & other sources. Exhibition from October 30.

November 9-10, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. XV-XX century Elizabethan Trenchers, pamphlets, prints, drawings, etc. Collected by the late Arnold Shiffeliff of Chicago. Exhibition from October 30.

November 11-12, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture & decorations, oriental rugs, Chinese carvings, etc. Property of Mrs. William C. Breed of N. Y. & others. Exhibition from November 6.

November 13, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Georgian & Regency furniture & decorations. From various English collections. Exhibition from November 6.

November 17, 8:00 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern Paintings & drawings, bronzes, Picasso ceramics. Includes works by Delacroix, Bonnard, Signac, Braque, Rouault, Chagall, Miró, Redon, Pasquin, Dufy, Soyer, Rodin & others. Property of Mrs. Marie Bruette & others. Exhibition from November 13.

November 19-20, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. American furniture & decorations, including paintings. Property of Gailey Wilson & others. Exhibition from November 13.

November 23-24, 1:45 & 8:00 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Literature from the libraries of the late Dr. Harris E. Kirk of Baltimore. Exhibition from November 13.

November 26-27, 1:45 P.M. & Nov. 28, 10:00 A.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English furniture & decorations. Property of Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Bowen & others. Exhibition from November 20.

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Calendar of Exhibitions

ALBANY, N. Y.
Institute Nov. 3-15: R. Hutchins;
Nov. 10-Dec. 6: Albany Ann'l.

ANDOVER, MASS.
Andover Gallery To Nov. 6: Sculptor
Explores; Nov. 11-Dec. 1:
Shopping Centers.

ATHENS, GA.
Museum Nov.: Borgenicht Gallery
Prints.

BALTIMORE, MD.
Museum To Nov. 21: Hofmann;
Man & His Years.

BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.
Perls To Nov. 15: O. Fischinger;
Silary Amer. & Europ.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
Museum To Nov. 24: Local Portraits;
Nov. 12-Dec. 12: R. MacMahon;
Wool. Society.

BOSTON, MASS.
Brown Cont. Art.
Childs Old & Mod.
Doll & Richards Cont. Pigs; to Nov.
13: Watercolors by Benjamin
Rowland, Jr.
Institute To Nov. 7: Younger New
England Painters.
Museum To Dec. 5: P. Signac; To
Nov. 14: Amer. Jewish.
Voss To Nov. 6: L. Crowell.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
Albright Gallery To Nov. 14: H.
Bloom.

CANTON, OHIO
Institute Nov.: Europ. Portraiture.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Arts Club To Nov. 27: Braque
Graphics.
414 Nov.: E. Bennett.
Franklin Nov.: Matta.
Institute To Dec. 13: Rothko; To
Dec. 5: Amer. Ann'l.
Library Nov.: A. Beneduce; R. Migdal.
Lina Nov.: Sr. M. Thomasita; I. Kil-murray.
Main St.: Nov. prints.
Oehlischlaeger Nov.: Corbino, Bosa,
Romano.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Museum To Nov. 30: Andersen
Memorabilia; Von Maydell.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
Art Colony To Nov. 27: Rieter;
Chapman; Puskas.
Museum To Dec. 5: W. Rogalski.

CLINTON, N. J.
Old Stone Mill To Nov. 30: N. J.
State Ann'l.

COCONUT GROVE, FLA.
Mirell To Nov.: Cont. Art.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
Gallery To Nov. 15: Spanish Mas-terpieces.

DALLAS, TEXAS
Museum To Nov. 31: Texas Ann'l.

DAVENPORT, IOWA
Gallery Nov.: Quad-City; D. Garry;
B. Cornelius; Art Fair.

DAYTON, OHIO
Institute Nov.: Dayton Ann'l; E.
Weber-Fulop; Print Ann'l.

DES MOINES, IOWA
Art Center Nov.: E. Ludins; S. Edie.

DETROIT, MICH.
Werbe Nov.: E. Garrison; M. Hoh-enberg.

HARTFORD, CONN.
Atheneum To Nov. 28: Conn. Crafts-men; To Dec. 12: Medicine Man.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I.
Holstra Gallery To Nov. 5: J. Moon;
Nov. 8-9: Haitian Art.

HOUSTON, TEX.
Museum To Nov. 28: "House of
Art."

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
Galleries To Nov. 8: Baroque Pig.;
Nov. 13-Dec. 5: Ancient Chinese.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Herron Institute To Dec. 5: African
Sculp.

LINCOLN, MASS.
de Cordova Museum To Nov. 11:
"Art Is Where You Find It."

LONG BEACH, CAL.
Art Center Nov.: Old Masters; Art
Mart.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Art Assoc. Nov.: Cont. Group.
Hathfield To Nov. 12: Lutz, Haines;
Ford, Rosenthal.
Landau To Nov. 13: P. Julian.
Stendahl Ancient Amer. & Mod. Fr.

LOUISVILLE, KY.
Speed Museum To Nov. 26: Ethio-plan Pigs.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Institute To Dec. 5: 39th Local Ann'l.
Walker Center To Nov. 30: Lip-chitz; B. Arnest.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
Museum To Nov. 28: Mod. Amer.;
L. Rist.

MONTREAL, CANADA
Museum Nov.: Royal Academy
Ann'l.

NEWMARK, N. J.
Museum Nov.: Western Frontiers;
"Moods of Africa."

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Delgado Museum To Dec. 19: Pre-Columbian; To Nov. 28: Stained Glass.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Museum
Brooklyn (Eastern Pkwy) To Jan.
2: Fr. Impressionists; African Art;
Nov. 9-Feb. 27: Old Master Prints.
Cooper Union (Cooper Sq.) Nov. 23-
Jan. 8: 17th C. Decorated Book
Papers.
Guggenheim (5th at 88) To Nov.
15: 20th C. Art.
Metropolitan (5th at 82) To Dec. 19:
Dutch 17th C. Paintings, Prints;
Fine Art of Costume; From Nov.
11: Post-Renaissance Arts.
Modern (11 W. 53) To Nov. 14:
Amer. Prints; To Jan. 30: Mu-seum
Coll. 300 Paintings.
Riverside (Riv. Dr. at 103) To Nov.
21: Brooklyn Society of Artists.
Galleries
A.A.A. (711 5th at 55) To Nov. 13:
Archipenko; H. Engel.
A.C.A. (63 E 57) To Nov. 6: Presto-pino; Nov. 8-27: W. Gropper.
Alan (32 E 63) To Nov. 13: W.
Melas.
Argent (67 E 59) Nov. 1-13: N.A.
W.A. Graphics.
Artists (851 Lex. at 64) To Nov. 12:
Reichman-Lewis.
A.S.L. (215 W 57) Nov.: Veterans
Awards.
Babcock (38 E 57) To Nov. 13: R.
Watson.
Barone (202 E 51) Nov. 9-Dec. 4:
Beverly Pepper.
Borgenicht (61 E 57) To Nov. 6: R.
Crawford; J. Ernst; Nov. 8-Dec. 4:
J. De Rivera, Sculp.
Brownstone (146 E 57) Nov.: Dan-ish Pig.
Butler (126 E 57) Nov.: D. & R. Beer.
Caravan (132 E 65) Nov. 7-27: "Life
Indoors & Out."
Carstairs (11 E 57) To Nov. 13: Mr.
John.
City Center (131 W 55) Cont. Group.
Coeval (100 W 56) Nov. 1-13: A.
Mittleman.
Contemporary Arts (106 E 57) Nov.
1-13: J. Fournier.
Cooper (313 W 53) Nov. 8-Dec. 2:
J. Rosenhouse.
Creative (108 W 56) Nov.: Group.
Crespl (205 E 58) To Nov. 6: Peru-vian Art; Nov. 8-20: Serra.
Davis (213 E 60) To Nov. 20: Ros-enborg.
Downtown (32 E 51) Nov.: Skow-hegan Art School.
Durlacher (11 E 57) Nov. 2-27: Old
Master Drawings.
Duveen (18 E 79) Nov.: Old Mas-ters.
Egals (46 E 57) To Nov. 7: Caval-lion; To Nov. 15: Group.
Eggleston (969 Mad. at 76) Nov. 1-
20: Lowe Awards.
Eighth St. (33 W 8) Nov. 1-14:
Gotham Ptrs.
Ephron (10 E 59) Old Masters.
Feigl (601 Mad. at 57) Amer. &
Europ.
Ferargil (19 E 55) Contact F. N.
Price.
Fine Arts Associates (41 E 57) To
Nov. 13: Modigliani.
Forum (822 Mad. at 68) To Nov. 15:
Univ. of Calif.
Four Directions (114 4th at 12) Nov.
5-27: Group.
Fried (40 E 68) Mod. Pigs.
Friedman (20 E 49) Nov.: M. Cline.
Galerie Chalette (45 W 57) Fr. Pigs.
Galerie de Braux (131 E 55) To Nov.
13: Samartino.
Galerie Moderne (49 W 53) Nov. 4-
24: D. Grotz.
Galleria Pierino (127 Macdougall)
Group.
Galerie St. Etienne (46 W 57) To
Nov. 11: Scharl; Borgatta.
Gallery 75 (30 E 75) To Nov. 30: D.
Marquies.
Galeria Sudamerica (866 Lex.
at 65) Nov. 1-20: Mod. Cuban
Pigs.
Gallery 29 (217 W 29) Cont. Art.
Ganso (125 E 57) Nov. 8-27: R.
Gikow.

Grand Central (15 Vand. at 42)
Nov. 2-20: G. Grant; Nov. 9-20:
R. Brank.

Grand Central Moderns (120 E 57)
Nov. 1-13: Murals.
Hacker (24 W 58) Nov. 1-27: C.
Samser.
Hans (210 Cent. Pk. S.) Nov. 8-27:
P. Georges.
Hartert (22 E 58) Amer. & Fr.
Heller (63 E 57) To Nov. 13: B.
Kopman.
Hewitt (29 E 65) Nov.: Group.
Jackson (22 E 66) Nov. 9-Dec. 4:
Pozzatti.
Jacobi (46 W 52) To Nov. 13: Gute-man, Sculp.
James (70 E 12) Nov. 8-20: W.
Freud.
Janis (15 E 57) To Nov. 27: XX C.
Masters.
Karnig (181½ E 62) To Nov. 13: R.
Bacon.
Kaufmann (Lex. at 92 Y.M.H.A.) To
Nov. 18: Jewish Art.
Kennedy (785 5th at 59) Nov. 4-26:
Audubon.
Knodler (14 E 57) To Nov. 13:
Drawings.
Koots (600 Mad. at 57) Nov.: Las-saw.
Korman (835 Mad. at 69) To Nov.
20: D. Sawin.
Kotlar (108 E 57) Group.
Kraushaar (32 E 57) To Nov. 13: J.
Koch.
Lilliput (231½ Eliz. Wed. & Fri. 3-
7: Cont. Art.
Matias (41 E 57) Nov.: Dubuffet.
Matrix (26 St. Mark's Pl.) Nov. 1-
20: E. Carroll; W. Dong.
Mi Chou (320-B W 81) Cont. Chi-nese.
Midtown (17 E 57) To Nov. 14: R.
Vickrey.
Milch (55 E 57) To Nov. 14: J.
Vance.
Morris (174 Waverly) Nov. 1-30:
Cont. Amer.
Myers (32 W 58) Nov.: J. Myers.
New (601 Mad. at 57) Nov. 8-27:
Drawings.
Newhouse (15 E 57) Old Masters.
New School (66 W 12) To Nov. 16:
League Present Day Artists.
Nivenu (969 Mad. at 76) Nov. 2-13:
Chagall.
Panoras (82 W 56) Nov. 8-20: G.
Shibley.
Parnassus (509 Mad. at 53) Pre-1900 Amer.
Parsons (15 E 57) Nov. 8-27: S.
Lipton, Sculp.
Passedoit (121 E. 57) Nov. 1-20: J.
van Wicht.
Pen & Brush (16 E 10) Nov. 7-30:
Oils.
Perdalm (110 E 57) To Nov. 19: A.
Klausner.
Peridot (820 Mad. at 68) To Nov.
13: S. Franks.
Perls (1016 Mad. at 78) To Nov. 13:
March Coll. Mod. Fr.
Portraits, Inc. (136 E 57) Cont. Por-traits.
Rehn (683 5th at 54) Nov.: C. Burch-field.
Roko (51 Grnwch) To Nov. 11: A.
Katz.
Rosenberg (20 E 79) Nov. 15-Dec.
11: Monticelli.
Saidenberg (10 E 77) To Nov. 21:
Picasso.
Salmaquandi (47 5th) To Nov. 12:
Black & White.
Salpeter (42 E 57) Nov. 8-27: S.
Teichman.
Schaefer (32 E 57) To Nov. 13:
Woodruff.
Schoneman (63 E 57) Mod. Fr.
Sculpture Center (167 E 69) To Nov.
12: L. Amino.
Segy (708 Lex. at 57) Nov.: African
Sculp. & Cubism.
Seligmann (5 E 57) Nov. 1-20: C.
Gray.
Serigraph (38 W 57) Nov. 2-15: R.
Nesch.
Stable (924 7th at 58) Nov. 1-20:
P. Burlin.
Tanager (90 E. 10) Group.
The Contemporaries (959 Mad. at
75) Nov. 1-26: C. Summers; J.
Wasey.
Tibor De Nagy (208 E 53) To Nov.
16: Fr. African.
Truda (6 Morton) Cont. Art.
Urban (19 E 76) To Nov. 7: D. Joe;
Nov. 8-Dec. 4: F. Pasilis.
Valentin (32 E 57) Nov. 2-Dec. 4:
H. Moore.
Van Diemen-Lilienfeld (21 E 57)
Nov. 1-16: W. Grimm.
Village Center (42 W 11) To Nov.
12: Sculp. Drwg Ann'l.

Viviano (42 E 57) Nov. 8-27: E.
Loran.
Walker (117 E 57) Nov. 8-27: L.
Cushing.
Wellons (70 E 56) Nov. 1-13: D.
Fitzpatrick.
Weyhe (794 Lex. at 61) To Nov. 16:
L. Pierce.
Wildenstein (19 E 64) Nov. 17-Dec.
11: Fr. 18th C.
Willard (23 W 56) Nov. 3-27: M.
Tobey.
Wittenborn (38 E 57) Nov. 1-20:
Vesarely.

NORWALK, CONN.
Silvermine Guild (Nov. 7-Dec. 26:
Collectors Xmas Group.

NOTRE DAME, IND.
Univ. Galleries To Dec. 31: Da
Vinci & Circle.

OMAHA, NEBR.
Joslyn Museum To Nov. 16: W.
Schwartz; To Nov. 28: "Omaha."

PASADENA, CAL.
Museum To Nov. 14: San Gabriel
Ann'l; To Nov. 21: John Taylor
Arms.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Academy To Nov. 28: Art Dir.
Ann'l.
Alliance To Nov. 21: E. Andrade;
To Nov. 28: Amer. Jewish; E.
Shelling.
Dubin Nov. 15-30: M. Citron.
Lush Cont. Art.
Mack Cont. Group.
Schurz Foundation To Nov. 30:
"Seminars."

PHOENIX, ARIZ.
Arts Association To Nov. 28: Local
Collections.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
Carnegie Institute To Dec. 12: Eur-op.
Genre Pig. (Founder-Patron).
W.Q.E.D. To Nov. 13: F. Mason.

PORTLAND, ORE.
Museum To Nov. 14: Younger Euro-pean Painters; To Nov. 21:
Rodin.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
School of Design Nov.: E. Greco.

READING, PA.
Museum To Dec. 5: 27th Ann'l
Regional.

ROCKLAND, ME.
Farnsworth Museum Nov.: R. Weid-naar; H. Ogden.

ROCKPORT, MASS.
Art Assoc. To Nov. 21: J. Bowlen.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
Museum To Dec. 6: Westward the
Way; To Nov. 29: Missourians.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
Witte Museum To Nov. 28: Texas
Pig. & Sculp.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Legion Nov.: Portraits of Europ. &
Amer. Artists.
Museum To Dec. 12: Per Krogh; To
Nov. 28: So. Cal. Artists.
Rotunda To Nov. 27: E. Dale; H.
Lewis; E. Mackaben; M.
Schweitzer.
Studio 44 To Nov. 25: Ted Egri.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
Leopa Gallery Old Masters.
Museum Ancient Oriental Art.

SEATTLE, WASH.
Dusanne Gallery Nov. 7-Dec. 1:
Glen Alps.
Museum Nov.: Northwest Ann'l;
Mexican Prints.
Seligman Gallery Cont. Art.

S'OUX CITY, IOWA
Art Center To Dec. 4: Container
Corp.; Adv. Art.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Smith Museum To Nov. 28: W. Ur-ton; Balinese Sculp.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.
Univ. Gallery To Nov. 28: K. Zerbe.

TAOS, N. M.
Escondida Nov.: Cont. Pigs.

TORONTO, CANADA
Gallery To Nov. 14: F. Varley; To
Dec. 5: 3 Canadians.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Circulating Library To Nov. 16: V.
H. Huntley.
Corcoran Nov.: Eugen Weiss Me-morial.
Smithsonian To Nov. 19: Building
in Netherlands; To Nov. 26: Met-ropolitan State Contest.
Wash. Univ. To Nov. 30: B. Spru-ance.

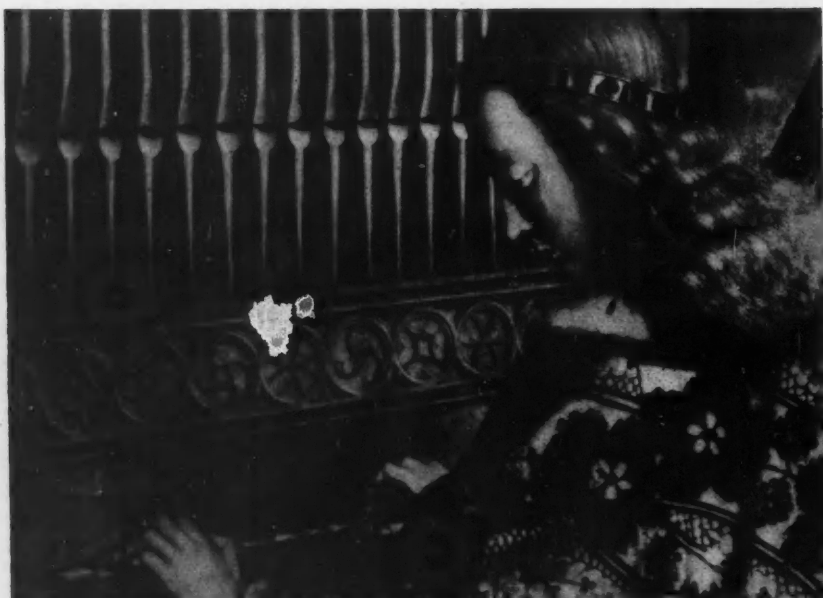
WESTPORT, CONN.
Kipnis Gallery Cont. Pigs.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.
Lawrence Museum To Nov. 29:
Mod. Sculpture (M.M.A.).

WORCESTER, MASS.
Museum To Nov. 14: Cont. Prints;
To Nov. 28: Cont. N.E. Sculpture.

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Detail from the Van Dyck masterpiece, "The Mystic Lamb," St. Bavo Cathedral, Ghent, Belgium

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